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NO. XI.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

Original.

MATT. XXIV. 21 : 'Then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be.'

This is the language of Jesus, forming one passage in his wonderfully minute prediction of the overthrow of the holy city of the Jews, and like every other portion of our Master's speech, it is worthy of solemn consideration. In the presence of this declaration we may readily admit, what history also avers, that no passage in the great book of past events can exhibit such a time of calamity, suffering, and horror, as attended the fulfilment of the many prophecies against Jerusalem. When we read, 'Then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time,' we naturally think what history acquaints us with concerning calamitous events—recall the terrible pictures of human suffering before the Savior's time, especially those revealed in the pages of the elder scripture, and by the contrast feel in some degree the force of the language of Jesus in the text. The Old Testament faithfully exhibits the fearful tribulation that came upon cities and nations ; making a terrible wreck of human strength and splendor, and sweeping into one common grave thousands on thousands of sentient beings. These need not be detailed ; it is sufficient that we recall vividly one time of calamity, and as we view it, think of what must have been the horror of a time of greater tribulation. The instance I refer to, is the time of the deluge, which Jesus had spoken of, in illustration of the overwhelming power of the judgment on Jerusalem. He had this time of calamity in his mind when he uttered the language of the text ; he knew better than we can describe, the terror and suffering of that judgment ; and as his prophetic eye looked on the succession of troubles that would come upon the despisers of

his mission, as he saw the terribleness of their sufferings, the horrors of slaughter, famine, and thirst, he pronounced that time unparalleled in all past time ; yea, he added more, he declared that future ages would not unfold a greater or more awful picture of human misery.

Consider the deluge as Moses has recorded it, and what a picture of tribulation ! The windows of heaven were opened ; fierce and mighty came down the sheeted rain, while the muttering thunder and the flickering lightning, made awful the tremendous storm ; man, beast, and bird, fled to the mountains' heights, and fast the gathering waters, like embattled legions of destroyers pursuing their affrighted victims, came rushing after them ; then mingled in one mass creatures that had never met before, all governed by one instinct—to flee from death ;—

'And in that hour,
Did no man aid his fellow. Love of life
Was the sole instinct ; and the strong limbed son,
With imprecations, smote the palsied sire
That clung to him for succor. Woman trod
With wavering steps the precipice's brow,
And found no arm to grasp on the dread verge,
O'er which she leaned and trembled. Selfishness
Sat like an incubus on every heart,
Smothering the voice of love. The giant's foot
Was on the stripling's neck ; and oft despair
Grappled the ready steel, and kindred blood
Polluted the last remnant of that earth,
Which God was deluging to purify.
Huge monsters from the plains, whose skeletons
The mildew of succeeding centuries
Has failed to crumble, with unwieldy strength
Crushed thro' the solid crowds ; and fiercest birds
Beat downward by the ever rushing rain,
With blinded eyes, drenched plumes, and trailing wings,
Staggered unconscious o'er the trampled prey.'

The highest Alps were black with the dense crowds that covered them ; days passed, night came and went, and yet on those high peaks still lingered human creatures, who had fled from mountain to mountain, and fought with despair's fierce might for the few inches of rock they stood upon, straining their eyes to catch some distant token of returning calm, while at their hearts

gnawed the vultures of guilt, as they remembered the awful warnings of him who now safely dwelt in the huge fabric that rode upon the vast ocean unharmed. Who can tell—aye, who can imagine the horror of the sufferings of that time? The strongest language of the terrific is weak, employed in such a task; and the more the imagination dwells upon the picture—the more the mind concentrates its thoughts thereupon, the awfulness of the scene increases, and the heart is made sick of the misery of the doomed wretches. Sin becomes ‘exceeding sinful,’ as the results of its corrupting powers are seen, and the ear is opened wider to hear the solemn warnings and prohibitions of the Almighty against disobedience of the divine law of right and truth.

Yet terrible as was this time, he who knew the records of the past, declared a more terrible should come; who then can draw the picture of *that* time, for the lesser tribulation is beyond human genius to describe. Have we thought of this in this view of the matter? Have we dwelt in thought as solemnly as the subject demands, on our Master’s words? Do we believe all the emphasis of his language in the text? If we can answer these questions in the affirmative, we shall be ready to admit, that the tremendous and unparalleled judgment visited on the holy city of the Jews, demanded that the Savior and his apostles should frequently and with the most awful imagery set forth to men the terror of that time, and press home everywhere the warnings to those who were in jeopardy, and dwell in all their teachings on the great moral of the whole. They did so. The frequent allusions to the event, is proof positive that the apostles had learned of their Master the unparalleled awfulness of the predicted time. The Eternal Spirit had sent forth the prophetic warning centuries before the event, and the language of our text is the very language of the prophet Daniel, xii. 1. And with such an awful visitation of God’s judgment before them, could the sacred writers avoid speaking of the event as *the day or time of judgment*, and was it not natural that in their frequent mention of it, they should call it *the day*? So we believe, and therefore speak.

Yet with all this before the mind, there are many without the sanctuary of faith, who are not backward in asserting that we err in our exposition of many passages, because we refer them to the destruction of Jerusalem. We invite them to consider the subject more fully; to give it

more thought in company with the scriptures; to, think over the many prophecies relating undoubtedly to the event; particularly to examine the Savior’s history; and then perhaps they will be less loud and frequent in their denunciation of the Universalian interpretation of many passages in the New Testament. The same attention to this subject will not harm those of the brotherhood who are sometimes disagreeably affected by the objections of those of different sentiments, that we apply too many passages to one event, making the contents of the christian scriptures too much of ancient application. Many, by bestowing adequate thought on this subject, will be surprised, if not astonished, to see how many portions of the New Testament relate to this event. But this relation does not make them of no worth or avail to us; for as all things written in scripture before the Savior’s time are for our learning or instruction, so from all the rest of the sacred volume, whether of past or present application, we may draw valuable lessons. Wo to that individual, city, or nation, that scorns the moral of the overthrow of the Jews, for

‘There is a time, and justice marks the date,
For long forbearing clemency to wait;
That hour elapsed, th’ incurable revolt
Is punished, and down comes the thunderbolt.’

Let us pursue this subject, and see how much clusters around the phrase—Destruction of Jerusalem. The frequent repetition of that phrase has weakened its force; yea, it has infinitely less power with us than with the Jew; and make him to feel that it involved the setting aside of the sacred service, and was in fact the end of the Mosaic dispensation, and the effect will be overwhelming; even as the fall of our republic would affect an American infinitely more than it would an European, for a man knows, or should know, more the value of his home than a stranger can.

By the destruction of Jerusalem, we do not simply allude to the destruction of the power of the Jews in that city and all that made it a Jewish city; nor contrast it with the destruction of Babylon, Tyre and Sidon, or Solumea; for its *political* destruction is but a small portion of the interest attached to the phrase. The overthrow of the Jewish polity, simply considered alone, might not affect us more than the political overthrow of the countries we have named; though as its government had more sympathy with our nation’s, we perhaps should be more interested in its fate. But it is *religiously* that we look upon the destruction of Jerusalem; it is in this point of view that

it possesses an absorbing interest, beyond that of any other overthrow which history has recorded; and it is this that will make it a theme of deep interest through the long line of future ages, as christianity moves on in its conquests, and men perceive the spirituality of its character. Therefore, the phrase, *Destruction of Jerusalem*, in its broadest signification, embraces the siege of that city, the internal commotions, the terrible famine endured, the pestilence that added to the miseries, the long continued sufferings of the besieged, the final conquest, the destruction of a million of the inhabitants of Judea, the dispersion of the Jews, to become a proverb and bye-word among the nations, the consequent extinction of their political existence, the dissolution of the Levitical economy, the establishment of christianity, and the triumph of Christ. No less than all this is embraced in that significant phrase, and all this was had in view by the writers of the christian scriptures when they referred to this event. In this combination of results were wrapt up the most momentous consequences for future ages, and these results had a connection with a train of events that reached from the promise to Adam and his partner in guilt, to the establishment of christianity as the universal religion.

Some of these results deserve particular attention.

1. The visitation of the judgment upon the Jews, was the triumph of Christ. Till then, it may be said, he had only appeared in his humility; his character vilified by those he would bless; his authority contemned; his miracles ranked lower than the common works of the Jewish exorcists; his death considered his shame; and his predictions regarded as the wild speech of an enthusiast. His devoted followers had shared the same treatment; were looked upon as deluded men, carried away by imposture, and foolishly risking their lives for nothing. The apostles' teachings of the passing away of the shadowy ordinances of the Levitical code, and the impartiality of God, were despised; and trampling under foot the grace of heaven through Christ, they would own no prophet like unto Moses, and no temple of worship but Mount Zion's in Jerusalem. The farther removed from the original time of utterance, the more free were the Jewish unbelievers in casting scorn and contempt on the predictions of Christ concerning Jerusalem and the Jews, and they tauntingly asked, Where is the sign of his coming, and the end of the ancient

dispensation? But the time came as predicted, though no man knew the day to tell his fellow ere it came, and he who could make the might of the Assyrian his rod, made the Roman power his rod to punish the despisers and murderers of his Son. Then was the coming of the Son of Man in great power and glory, in judgment upon those who had filled up the measure of the iniquity of their fathers.

2. The fulfilment of these predictions against Jerusalem, increased the faith of the christians everywhere. Wherever scattered, the christians were taunted with the apparent absurdity, that God who had chosen a peculiar people to perpetuate the true knowledge of the divine nature, and who had made their temple his peculiar dwelling place, would destroy that people and cause that temple to be overthrown. As the accomplishment was delayed, while it was every day looked for, the enemies of the cross scorned them as deluded, and human pride quailed before the scoffs of the assailants; the persecutions the believers endured, were trying, and many yielded to them and became apostates. But there were others more noble than these, who through pain and peril clung to their holy profession, and yielded not. When the fulfilment came—Christ's truth established—his minute predictions all proved—then did they believe as they never believed before him who could wake the dead and pierce into the future.

3. At the destruction of the city, involving the utter ruin of the temple, the spirituality of christianity was established in many minds that before that event had clung to the ceremonial law, notwithstanding they acknowledged Jesus as of God, and obeyed his truth. When the temple was thrown down, and its very foundations torn asunder, the holiest of holies exposed to the heathen gaze, and the sacred vestments trampled in the dust, they remembered Christ's teachings of the universality of worship, and felt that not alone at Jerusalem hereafter would the true worshipers worship the Father. It was good for them, as it will ever be for us, to discover of the spirituality of the christian religion, for by this the heart is constrained to give more of its affections to God, and the increasing spirituality of their character the better fitted them to advance the truth, and illustrate by a living commentary the beauty of christian virtue.

4. The dispersion of the Jews by the overthrow of Jerusalem, made them more the objects of

Gentile scorn, and their power to persecute the christians was destroyed. From the 'Acts of the Apostles' we learn that the Jews out of Palestine were as zealous to afflict the christians as any who had mocked at the cross; the High Priest and the Jews of Judea sent messengers to the foreign Jews, exhorting them not to favor the christians in the least, nor to neglect any opportunity to oppress them. When the power of the Jews was wholly destroyed, the church in all its branches found rest, as was promised by the apostles through the spirit. They then knew the life of the truth, enjoying the consciousness of integrity, and glorifying God in their deliverance. It is not known that one christian perished in the siege of Jerusalem.

5. In the dispersion of the Jews by the overthrow of their city, the voice of prophecy was confirmed that declared they should be a proverb and a bye-word among the nations of the earth. It is even so; they are every where, and wherever they are, they are Jews still; living monuments of the truth of christianity bearing with them into all the world the revelation which was confined to their nation. Thus was completed the long train of events for the wide spread of the knowledge of the true God, as the permanent establishment of christianity. The religion fitted for the world's infancy was set aside; the ceremonies and rites that all pointed to the better covenant, being accomplished, were put away; the darkening vail was removed; and christianity sent forth to accomplish its grand mission of renovating morally the whole world. In God's own time it will do it. Let not the finite doubt the grace and power of the Infinite; but believe and trust.

So important being the event—one of the greatest that ever took place, and so intimately connected with the divine authority of the Great Teacher and the truth of his religion, that it is no marvel that the sacred writers said so much in allusion to it. Nor is it a matter of wonder that they coupled it with the judgment on Tyre and Sidon, or Sodom and Gomorrah, or that they used the most glowing language—the most lofty and awful figures of speech—in describing it. Less terrible judgments were predicted by figures—such as, the heavens dissolving; the moon changing to blood; stars falling, and the earth trembling, and like horrific metaphors; and shall we be surprised that they spake of the greatest

calamity in figures as awful, according to the genius of their language?

Let us study for ourselves the scriptures, and apply to our hearts and consciences their sacred truths, giving thanks to God for our many religious privileges.

Haverhill, Mass.

ED.



TO THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.

Original.

Flow on noble river! flow on in thy pride!
How thrills my lone heart as I stand by thy side,
And gaze on thy bosom so placid and fair,
And think of the hours past in happiness there.

When I breasted thy tide with light arm and strong,
Or on thy green banks thoughtless wandered along;
How swiftly in pleasure the hours flew away,
They seemed but a moment so short was their stay.

The high towering elms their branches still wave,
O'er the soft mossy banks thy calm waters lave:
They stand now as firm as they e'er did of yore,
They will stand still as firm when I am no more.

In silence and sadness I wander alone,
But sacred mementos around me are strown,
Those loved friends recalling to memory dear,
Who so often in childhood met with me here.

But though time all relentless has severed the tie,
That bound us together in days long gone by;
My soul rests assured we shall all meet again,
In that happy land where no parting gives pain.

LOUIS.

Hartford, Ct.



NOTES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR A SON.

BY DELTA.

Original.

(3.) MATT. xiii. 1—23: 'The same day Jesus had gone out of the house, and was sitting by the sea-side. And great multitudes came together unto him, so that he went and sat in the vessel, while the multitude stood upon the shore. And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying: Behold! the sower went forth to sow, &c.*'

THIS parable seems to have arrested your attention in a peculiar manner, for you have frequently requested me to write down for you the substance of those remarks which I have been in the habit of making, while we were studying the New Testament in order of 'Allen's Questions'—an excellent manual. You now say that you more particularly desire a record of said observations, because this is one of the passages upon which you have fixed among those with which

* As my translation of this passage differs but little from that of the common version, I forbear going farther with it.

you have determined to become perfectly familiar and master of, in order that you may, by means of said passages as texts, try and ascertain the value of any new commentary or exposition which may fall in your way. This plan of testing, by a series of passages with which you have made yourself very familiar, the general character and value of any commentary, I have frequently recommended to you; and now when you have access to so many of this class of writings in the theological library of your institution, I wish you to pursue the method, and submit to me the results of your investigation. Meanwhile I will give the substance of my annotations, in the order of Allen's questions, upon this parable, omitting some of his more simple questions, and interspersing some of my own.

Who is represented by THE SOWER in this parable? The Teacher sent by God to proclaim glad tidings of great joy: He it was who scattered abroad the truths which it was the pleasure of our Father that mankind should thenceforth become acquainted with. This was the Sower. And whoever, in modern times, has understood these Heaven-sent truths, in their purity, and gives a practical illustration of their purifying, beneficent, and ennobling tendency in his conduct and conversation, and endeavors, moreover, either in a private or public capacity, to disseminate and recommend said truths, may be justly considered a follower of the Great Illuminator, and may be styled, not *the*, but *a* Sower.

What does the Seed that was sown represent? The truths which were brought to light, or confirmed by Jesus; also, the new affections, sentiments, and dispositions which these new doctrines tend to produce, and which may be called the 'spirit of Christ,' without which Paul says we are 'none of his.'

What are represented by the different kinds of soil on which the Seed fell? The different kinds of reception with which the heaven-sent message would meet among men.

What class of hearers is represented by the Seed that fell by the way-side? Those who are prejudiced against the message—who have imbibed fashionable or current misrepresentations of christian truth. Such were those among the Jews whose ready reply to all the evidences and arguments adduced by the Great Sower was, 'Have any of the Pharisees—of our most learned and religious men—believed on him?' Such were inaccessible to conviction. Among

our own people, we find a similar class—men who adopt the opinions of those who boastingly pronounce themselves *par excellence*, real philosophers, the apostles of reason, the high priests of nature, the enemies of priest-craft and superstition. Such steel themselves against conviction, and against all useful impressions, by quoting some silly and oft-refuted sophistry, uttering some stale and hackneyed witticism, or retiring to their fancied superiority, and blessing their stars that *they* cannot be made to believe such foolery. Besides these ancient and modern infidels, there are men whose minds are like the hard-beaten highway, because they give themselves no concern about the great questions relative to man's highest interests and final destiny. Gallio-like, they 'care for none of these things.' Such are the dull, the stupid, the unenquiring, the inconsiderate, the trifling.

In the explanation which Jesus gives of this parable, what is meant by the word of the kingdom? The same as represented by *Seed*, as above explained. Jesus was commissioned to 'set up' a new kingdom, or a new set of dominant principles among men, or a new reign; and the words which he spake, the truths which he proclaimed, regarding the character and government of his Father and our Father, regarding our duty, interests and happiness,—these were the words which should up-build and establish the new dominion—therefore called the word of the kingdom.

Are there not some persons, who are so stupid and insensible, that the good instructions which they receive make no impression on their hearts? Such we have above described as part of the way-side hearers.

What class of hearers is represented by Seed that fell upon rocky places, where there was but a thin layer of soil? History informs us that there were many in the days of Jesus and of his apostles who admired his doctrines, were convinced by his miracles, and professed their adherence to his cause while no serious opposition was to be braved and borne; but who renounced or made shipwreck of their faith so soon as persecution, or ridicule, assailed them on account of it. In our own day, how many call themselves christians merely because it is popular and fashionable, and because this profession brings no reproach nor persecution along with it! How many, who in reality are Unitarians or Universalists in belief, attach themselves to the Episcopal church

because it is in their eyes more fashionable, and because it exposes them less to opposition or ridicule! How many adopt the profession of christianity, yet yield to none of its requirements! How many are ready to be called christians, and to persuade themselves that they are really such, who never overcome one single difficulty which christianity imposes, who never restrained an appetite or a passion, who never surmounted the inveteracy of a bad habit, who never plucked out a right eye, nor sacrificed, nor suffered in the smallest degree, for the cause of Christ! Alas! my son, are we not conscious in ourselves of an unwillingness to do and to suffer in obedience to conscience and to Christ? and do we not witness often those who worship with their mouths, but in deeds deny him upon whom they call—who cannot endure a single trial of their faith, nor accomplish one victory in the cause of virtuous amendment? How many shrink; how often do all of us come short!

Is a person at all the better for having had serious impressions of religion, if these impressions do not lead him to reform his heart and life? Certainly not. Every duty shunned, every difficulty shrunk from, only increases our imbecility, and our backwardness or unwillingness, and tends to magnify the supposed hardships and difficulties of the christian life. The 'lions in the way' are thus multiplied and magnified.

What class of hearers is denoted by the seed that fell among thorns? Such as divide their affections between God and mammon, who fain would serve two masters: hopeless task! Such as love gain and glory even more than they love amendment and approximation to the heavenly temper of Jesus. Such as grudge every moment which abstracts them from secular business and employments.

What is signified by the thorns choking the seed? As grain and fruit-bearing plants may be choked by a luxuriant growth of weeds, so may our better dispositions, and our celestial tendencies be dwarfed by the predominating influence of baser propensities, and more earth'y cares.

What hinderances to the growth of the good seed are mentioned in this and the parallel passages of Mark and Luke? Anxious solicitude about this life—the deceitfulness of riches—the pleasures of life, and other desires.

What is meant by the first of these—ἡ μεριμνα τοῦ αἰῶνος τούτου? The abundantly-prevailing anxiety of spirit about the future—about the

morrow—about food and raiment, and station and rank, and respectability. Such all-absorbing cares prevent our pursuit of higher good, and nobler objects. The tenor of ordinary conversation and pursuit betray how much such anxieties predominate in the majority of our race.

In what consists the deceitfulness of riches? I have usually quoted to you the answer furnished by Doddridge:—'This phrase, ἀπατη τοῦ πλουτοῦ, is very elegant, and admirably expresses the various artifices by which people in the pursuit of riches excuse themselves from day to day, in putting off religious cares, and the confounding disappointment which often mingles itself with their labors, and even with their success. Compare Prov. 11:28; Luke 18:34; 1 Tim. 6:9, 10, 17; 2 Tim. 2:4; and 4:10.'

The gratifications and indulgences of our animal nature, and whatever other peculiar desires engross our thoughts and affections are the other hinderances mentioned by which the good seed is rendered unfruitful.

Who are represented by the Seed that fell upon good ground? Such as are at some trouble to understand the revelations which Jesus has made, and having been convinced of their great importance and excellence, give them the warm reception of a good and honest heart, where being kept in supremacy over erroneous conceptions and evil propensities, they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. You know where to find an enumeration of those fruits which the real christian will bring forth. Gal. 5:22, 23.

What may we infer from the good soil bringing forth in various proportions? That there are different degrees of goodness among the true disciples of Jesus.

In what way may a person glorify God, and show that he is a true disciple of Jesus? By bringing forth many of the fruits of the Spirit, above indicated. John 15:8.

What did Jesus say to draw the attention of his hearers to the lesson taught in this parable? 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear;' or, you have all faculties, by the exercise of which you might elicit the meaning of this parabolical expression of certain great truths: think, therefore; investigate, and apply.

Such is an outline of views which I have frequently expounded to you more fully in colloquial discourse. May this repetition of them deepen, in both our minds, the importance of

eradicating those weeds which we find so ready to grow up and choke the good seed.



THE TRUE VINE. NO. V.

Original.

'I am the true vine.' * * * * * *'Without me ye can do nothing.'* JOHN XV. 1. 5.

IN the course of the conversation of Jesus with his disciples respecting the vine, he enjoins the necessity of abiding in him, and presents an important truth, which has since been illustrated by the whole history of the churches:—'For without me ye can do nothing.' From him and him alone, we derive all truth and virtue. 'For it pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell, and having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven.' 'For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.' 'He was the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person.' 'For he whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God; for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him.' 'Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' 'He is the head of the body, the church, who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence.'

Yet men have tried to do without Jesus, but they have never succeeded. Every system of religion that has not the Son of God for its support will perish, like the branch separated from the vine. The consequences of attempting to do without Jesus may be seen in the moral desolation caused by the unhallowed excitements of the present day. The church has been distracted and nearly ruined by the extravagant measures which have been adopted. When Jesus and the apostles preached, devils were cast out, but now they are cast in. Men preach, but they do not preach Jesus. A personal devil, an eternal hell, the danger of losing the soul, the utter worthlessness of human nature, and a future judgment, are the themes on which they dwell. This is not

preaching Christ. When the apostles preached, the hearers, 'perceiving that they were unlearned and ignorant men, marvelled, and took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.' But to judge from the modern style of preaching, we might infer that the teachers had been any where but with Jesus.

But in the system of faith maintained by us we readily acknowledge that without Jesus we can do nothing. He is our Guide, our Sun, our Hope, our Joy, our Advocate, our Rock, our Redeemer, our Forerunner, our Bread, our Counsellor and Deliverer. To us he is 'the way, the truth, and the life.' He is the root, fountain and head of influence whence we derive life, grace, fruitfulness and all good. Like the apostles of old we carry his name with us, and as light follows in the track of the sun, so has joy and gladness resulted from our doctrine. We have declared that salvation is to be found in no other name than that of Jesus Christ; 'for there is none other under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' The world has looked on and marvelled at the unparalleled success of the doctrine of impartial grace. Its simplicity, purity and majesty, have won unnumbered hearts. True, the wisdom of this world, the proud and the self-righteous, have not yet seen its glory. So it was in the days of the apostles. This is the stone set at nought of you, builders, which is become the head of the corner. Hear the great Teacher; 'I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' If we are asked by what name or power we have succeeded, we point to Jesus Christ of Nazareth. It is confessed even by our enemies that a great work has been done. That it spread no farther, we have been 'commanded not to speak at all, nor to teach in the name of Jesus.' But we have answered, 'Whether it be right in the sight of God, to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye; for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard. So, when they have further threatened us, they let us go, finding nothing how they might punish us because of the people; for all men glorify God for that which has been done.'

As the branch ever turns to the vine for support, so let us turn to Jesus. Let us give him our hearts and purest affections. In this way we may show to others that we still abide as fruitful branches in 'the true vine.' Amen and amen.

THE STARS.

Original.

THE stars look down upon me, like the eyes
Of beings of a better sphere than this ;
And as I gaze upon their light, methinks
They wear a softened look of kindness
And love, and in that look my spirit reads
The sympathy of angels blest for men,
As in the eye of genius clear we see
The workings of a noble mind and heart.
And so it was of old, when holy men
Bound to their loving hearts the precious faith
Of angels' ministry o'er earth ; and felt
There was for tempted, struggling, sorrowing man,
Compassion cherished by the blest on high,
And when the silent path they trod, beneath
The glittering hosts of night, and gazed upon
The mysterious page of living characters,
Held deep communion with the good and true.
So may it be with thou, my soul ! and in
The hour when darkness gathers round to shroud
The light of hope and joy, O may I feel
The angels near, and that my home,
As were thy groves and hills and plains and homes,
O Palestine, is blest with spirits good
With ministries of strength and light and peace.



POETRY OF WOMAN. NO. VI.

BY C. L. E. NEW-HAVEN.

Original.

JOSEPHINE.

PERHAPS the whole history of woman does not present a more beautiful specimen of feminine character than that of Josephine, Empress of France. Certainly *fiction* has not her parallel—and I question whether imagination, unless aided by the highest moral powers, could delineate such perfections of heart as are developed in her illustrious life. Whether we look upon her as Marie-Joseph-Rose-Tuscher, the simple Creole girl, joining the sable maidens of Martinique in their dances beneath the palm and tamarind, as graceful there as afterward in the halls of the Tuileries—or as Madame de Beauharnois, the wife of a wealthy Viscount, moving in the gayest and most polished court of Europe—or, more illustrious still, as empress of France and wife of the most celebrated man on earth—we see her every where the same meek, generous, beneficent being, performing in every sphere those tender charities that won her the appellation, prouder than empress, 'the good Josephine.'

It is not my object in this article to connect, even briefly, a narrative of her life. With that I trust every reader, especially every female reader is already familiar. But, if possible, I would leave upon every mind a distinct impress

of her excellencies—her angelic sweetness, her untiring devotion, her firm integrity, her generous and self-sacrificing love ; that while Napoleon lives long in the memory of the head, Josephine may live forever in the memory of the heart.

This celebrated lady was early an orphan ; but under the care and tutorage of her excellent aunt, Madame Renaudin, she remained ignorant of her misfortune. Her native refinement supplied many of the deficiencies of a colonial education, and her beauty and sprightliness early won her the admiration of the intelligent society in which she moved. She played the harp, and sung with exquisite feeling ; her dancing was perfect—her reading delightful. Her voice is said to have been so harmonious as to completely fascinate all who came within its influence. 'The first applause of the French people,' says Napoleon, 'sounded to my ear *sweet as the voice of Josephine.*' With such natural gifts and acquired graces, it is not to be wondered that the path of her pilgrimage was high—nay, nor even that the greatness of her destiny was foretold in her early years.

Dr. Memes, her elegant biographer, has given in her own language the following mysterious prediction, as related to the ladies of her court. 'One day, some time before my first marriage, while taking my usual walk, I observed a number of negro girls assembled around an old woman engaged in telling their fortunes. I drew near to observe their proceedings. The old sybil, on beholding me, uttered a loud exclamation, and almost by force seized my hand. She appeared to be under the greatest agitation. Amused at these absurdities, as I thought them, I allowed her to proceed, saying, "So you discover something extraordinary in my destiny?" "Yes." "Is happiness or misfortune to be my lot?" "Misfortune. Ah, stop!—and happiness, too!" "You take care not to commit yourself, my good dame ; your oracles are not the most intelligible." "I am not permitted to render them more clear," said the woman, raising her eyes with a mysterious expression toward heaven. "But to the point," replied I, for my curiosity began to be excited ; "what read you concerning me in futurity?" "What do I see in the future? You will not believe me, if I speak." "Yes, indeed, I assure you. Come, my good mother, what am I to fear and hope?" "On your own head be it, then ; listen : you will be married soon ; that

union will not be happy ; you will become a widow, and then—then you will be *queen of France!* Some happy years will be yours ; but you will die in a hospital, amid civil commotion." On concluding these words, the old negress hurried away fast as her limbs, enfeebled by age, would permit.'

On the completion of her sixteenth year, Josephine became the wife of Viscomte Alexander de Beauharnais, a young officer in the French army who arrived in Martinique to prove his right to large estates which had fallen to the inheritance of himself and brother, and which happened at that very date to be held on lease by Josephine's uncle, M. Renaudin. Beauharnais was noble, generous, and in many respects amiable ; while Josephine, whose tender nature, to use her own language, 'rendered the desire of being loved, and of loving in return, a necessity of her nature,' evinced the most devoted affection. For several years they enjoyed the greatest domestic felicity, and the ties of their love were strengthened by the birth of two children ; Eugene, afterward viceroy of Italy, and Hortense, subsequently queen of Holland. But unfortunately the ideas of conjugal fidelity so prevalent among the French nobility prior to the revolution, exerted their evil influence upon the habits of the young Viscount ; and Josephine's gentle persuasions and tender reproaches failing to reclaim him, they separated by personal agreement, and she returned with her children to Martinique. How far Josephine is justifiable in this matter, cannot with certainty be determined ; but it is probable that jealousy, 'a failing,' says Memes, 'in some degree inseparable from an affectionate temperament,' and which, he intimates, held great sway over her mind at every period of her life, hurried her into a decision which unimpassioned reason would have deferred till a longer trial had proved her husband irretrievable.

After an absence of several years, at the commencement of the revolution, Josephine returned, destitute and alone, to France. Her husband had warmly espoused the principles of reform, and she felt his life to be in danger. With a true woman's generosity she forgot his past offences, hastened to him, became reconciled, and received all his former love and admiration. I shall pass silently over the transactions of the Viscount during the first of 'the civil commotion which shook European policy to the centre,' while he presided over the National Convention,

and sat as one of the judges in the proceedings which afterward brought the unhappy king to the block, though always mercifully pleading for lenity—I pass silently over his military achievements upon the German frontier, as commander-in-chief—of his dismissal and return to France—of his arrest, and imprisonment in the Luxembourg ; and look in upon Josephine, a prisoner in the convent of Carmelites where she had been conveyed under charge of being concerned in a conspiracy with her husband, a charge too false to need refutation.

Where most spirits would have sunk under the accumulation of misfortunes, Josephine's sunny temperament shone forth unclouded. Here were objects for the exercise of benevolence ; and such opportunities were never lost upon this beneficent being. 'An enemy to all wrangling, detesting political disquisitions, she lived in good understanding with all classes of her fellow prisoners, divided as they were in opinion, and disputing among themselves with a bitterness which was ever sure to be allayed when Madame de Beauharnais could obtain a hearing. Benevolent toward her inferiors, friendly and always the same with her equals, polite to those who conceived themselves her superiors, she conciliated universal affection. In prison, as afterward upon the first throne in the world, she was beloved by all classes, because ever found to occupy the station which best became her. The sense of propriety, indeed, seemed in her an innate knowledge ; thus, she neither experienced insolence in the season of her adversity, nor when Empress, made others feel how infinitely her own condition was above theirs.' Josephine continued to correspond with and encourage her husband, and at her solicitation he was brought from his prison to an examination which she fondly believed would result in their mutual restoration to rank and liberty. A friend secretly contrived that the same day should be named for her own trial, designing by this arrangement to effect a meeting between them. It proved their last interview, and is thus affectingly described by her amiable biographer.

'Josephine, having been conducted from the prison of the Carmelites, was waiting in an ante-room her turn to be summoned before the Committee. She was alone ; her heart filled with those alternate vicissitudes of confidence and fear, which at an agitating crisis succeed each other we know not how or wherefore, when, to her inexpressible astonishment, the door opened and Beauharnais

entered. He on his part felt no less surprised. Neither spoke; both stood for a moment as if entranced, then rushed into each others' arms. They knew not what their meeting portended; scarcely dared they indulge a hope for the future; but the present was theirs, and in the happiness of being reunited, they enjoyed, in Josephine's own words, 'moments of felicity which softened, nay, caused to be forgotten, a whole year of misery.'

Josephine thus writes concerning this interview: 'I know not what my poor Alexander thought of me; for my part, I found him very pale, very thin, and sadly changed. As to his disposition, that is ever the same; he is the most amiable and the noblest of men. Resignation, courage, heroic sentiments, and conduct still more magnanimous, — such are the principles of his character. He had wept with joy on once more beholding me; when it had become necessary that we should separate, he was calm and collected. He embraced me more like a friend than a husband, and recommended our children to my care. Such tranquillity becomes innocence like his. Now I grieve that these people of the committee did not see him. Could they have resisted the ascendancy of his virtues?'

'The ascendancy of his virtues,' sweet Josephine? Alas for thy happiness! virtue is not omnipotent on earth. Ambition will overthrow all barriers to the attainment of its perspective glories; and *he* was its victim — and *thou* wert! Beauharnais was brought to the guillotine on the morning of the 25th of July. The 27th of the same month was appointed for the execution of Josephine — but the horrible end of Robespierre during the preceding night saved her from a fate so dreadful. 'You see I am not guillotined,' said she to her companions, 'and *I shall yet be queen of France!*' referring to the strange prediction, which seems at this period to have exercised great influence upon her mind.

Josephine, for some months, lived in a state of great pecuniary distress, yet aided and befriended by some of the first people in France, among whom were the Directors, Tallien and Barras; the latter of whom was the instrument of restoring to her a portion of her husband's estate, and was most influential in effecting the marriage between herself and General Buonaparte. Josephine probably never would have consented to this union, except to secure a protector to her children. But ever generous and devoted to the

happiness of others, she sacrificed her own feelings to the good of her children. She thus writes of him to a female friend:

'I admire the general's courage — the extent of his information, for on all subjects he converses equally well — and the quickness of his judgment, which enables him to seize the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed; but, I confess it, I shrink from the despotism he seems desirous of exercising over all who approach him. His searching glance has something singular and inexplicable, which imposes even on our Directors; judge if it may not intimidate a woman!' She seems early to have obtained an insight into his character — and indeed, in all cases, she exercised a powerful penetration into the human heart. In the same letter she says: 'I know not how it is, but sometimes his waywardness gains upon me to such a degree, that almost I believe possible whatever this singular man may take it in his head to attempt; and with his imagination, who can calculate what he will not undertake?' Perhaps she thought of *the prediction*, and considered that it was by his means she was to become Queen of France. But it was by *her* means that *he* hoped to gain favor with the persons in power; and thus, being prompted by passion, and urged by ambition, besides being gifted, as Josephine says, with unequalled powers of persuasion — 'incomparably the most fascinating man she had ever known,' can it be wondered that he succeeded?

In about two weeks after the solemnization of the nuptials, Buonaparte set out for Italy, as commander-in-chief of the republican armies in that country — an appointment which he owed to his union with her whom he afterwards so ungratefully repulsed from a throne to which she had served to raise him. Early divining the jealous temper of her husband, Josephine, during his absence lived in strict seclusion — thus giving evidence of the firmness of her principles, (for she dearly loved society,) even when unaided by passion; for it must be remembered she did not marry him from attachment. After his return from his first victories, he established himself at Milan, where for the first time since his marriage he enjoyed the pleasure of her society — and while he attended to the affairs of his army, she presided over the gay circles of the capitol with a propriety and grace that commanded universal admiration. 'I conquer provinces,' says Buonaparte, 'Josephine gains hearts.'

In her present intercourse with Napoleon, under the constant influence of his fascinations, Josephine's grateful esteem ripened into a love that through all the succeeding years of her life, suffered neither change nor diminution — 'a love, which for uncomplaining self-devotedness in the most painful of all sacrifices, stands pre-eminent in the sad story of unrequited affection.

To show the artless method by which she conciliated Buonaparte's confidence and allayed his jealousies, we quote a few passages from her letter to him while in Egypt — where the slanders of her enemies reached him, and he was weak enough to believe her guilty. It is in reply to a cruel letter which she had received from him, and which, innocent as she was, almost broke her heart.

'Do you believe it is possible for me ever to forget your cares and your love? Think you I can ever become indifferent about one who sweetens existence by all that is delightful in passion? Can I ever efface from my memory your kindness to Hortense — your counsel and example to Eugene? If this appear to you impossible, how can you suspect me of being interested for a single moment in what is alien to you? Oh! my friend, in place of lending an ear to impostors, who, from motives which I explain not, seek to ruin our happiness, why do you not rather reduce them to silence, by the recital of your benefits to a woman whose character has never incurred the suspicion of ingratitude? On hearing what you have done for my children, my traducers would be silent, since they must know that, as a mother I first became attached to you. Since that event, so dear to my remembrance, your conduct, admired as it has been throughout the whole of Europe, has in my heart, but awakened deeper adoration of the husband who made choice of me, poor as I was, and unhappy. Every step which you take adds to the splendor of the name I bear — and is such a moment seized to persuade you that I no longer love you!'

'It is true, I see much company, for every one strives to be foremost in complimenting me on your success, and I confess that I have not the resolution to shut my door against any one who comes to speak of you. My male visitors even are very numerous; they comprehend your daring achievements better than women; they talk with enthusiasm of all your noble deeds, while at the same time they cannot complain of your having taken with you their spouse, their brother, or

their father. Women fall upon these subjects, and when they do not praise you, they no longer please me. Still among my own sex it is, that I find those whose heart and understanding I prefer to all, because their friendship for you is sincere. Of these I place first the names of the accomplished ladies D'Aiguillon, Tallien, and my aunt. These are my intimates — I never quit them — and they will tell you, ungrateful as thou art, if I have thought "*of playing the coquette with all the world.*" These are your own expressions, and they would be odious to me, were I not certain that you have disavowed, and at this moment are sorry for having written them.'

'I am ever thinking of you; now transporting myself to the time when I shall see you every hour — now plunged in sorrow at the thoughts of the space which must elapse before your return; and when I thus conclude, I again begin. Are these, then, the signs of indifference? I wish for none other on your part; and if you feel thus for me, I shall not think myself altogether an object of pity, despite the small slanders which they would fain have me credit respecting a *certain fair one*, who, they tell me, interests you deeply. Why should I doubt you? You assure me that I am beloved. I judge of you by my own heart — and I believe you.'

Many and many a touching anecdote should I delight to quote, illustrative of the gentle influence which she exerted over the murky spirit with which she had to contend. I have space only for the following. 'Josephine on all occasions evinced a strong desire to be permitted to accompany her husband. On his part, Napoleon loved to indulge this wish; and they differed only as to its being always possible. On one occasion, however, after promising to take the empress,' (she was *empress* now) 'something having occurred to alter his intention, and to require speed, he resolved on departing privately, without his companion. Fixing, accordingly, one o'clock in the morning, the hour when she was most likely to be asleep, for the time of setting out, he was just about to step into the carriage, when Josephine, in most piteous plight, threw herself into his arms. By some means she had obtained information of what was going forward, and called her women; but impatient of delay, had got up without waiting for them, and throwing about her the first drapery she could lay hands upon, had rushed down stairs, in slippers, without stockings, weeping like a little girl when the

holidays are over. A moment later and Napoleon would have been off, like lightning; but he could rarely withstand the tears of his wife; so, placing her along the bottom of the carriage, he covered her with his travelling pelisse, giving orders himself about the clothes and proper attendants for the empress.

And now we will pass on to the divorce—that cruel deed which rests as the darkest stigma upon Napoleon's name. Ingrate that he was! How could he, possessed, as he certainly was, of tender affections, sacrifice such angelic goodness, such consummate devotion, at the dark shrine of worldly ambition! Previous to the final announcement of his determination, he used to endeavor to persuade Josephine of the political necessity and advantages of such a separation—at first rather hinting at, than disclosing his resolution. 'One night, Josephine, in tears and silence, had listened for some time to these overtures and discussions, when, with a sudden energy, she started up, drew Napoleon to the window, and pointing to the heavens, whose lights seemed in placid sweetness to look down upon her distress, with a firm, yet melancholy tone, said, "Buonaparte, behold that bright star; it is mine! and remember, to mine, not to thine, has sovereignty been promised. Separate, then, our fates, and your star fades!"'

How faithfully was this prophecy fulfilled! nor was it the only warning of hers which he would have done well to have heeded. The 'fatal day' at length arrived when he directly announced his determination. Josephine thus describes their interview. 'We dined together as usual. I struggled with my tears, which, notwithstanding every effort, overflowed from my eyes; I uttered not a single word during that sorrowful meal, and he broke silence but once to ask an attendant about the weather. My sunshine I saw had passed away; the storm burst quickly. Directly after coffee Buonaparte dismissed every one, and I remained alone with him. I watched, in the changing expression of his countenance, that struggle which was in his soul. At length his features settled into stern resolve. I saw that my hour was come. His whole frame trembled—he approached, and I felt a shuddering horror come over me. He took my hand, placed it upon his heart, gazed upon me for a moment, then pronounced these fearful words:—"Josephine! my excellent Josephine! thou knowest if I have loved thee! To thee—to thee alone, do

I owe the only moments of happiness which I have enjoyed in this world. Josephine! my destiny overmasters my will. My dearest affections must be silent before the interests of France!" "Say no more," I had still strength sufficient to reply; "I was prepared for this, but the blow is not less mortal." More I could not utter. I cannot tell what passed within me, I believe my screams were loud. I thought reason had fled. I became unconscious of everything, and on returning to my senses, found I had been carried to my chamber.'

One little circumstance connected with Napoleon's marriage with Maria Louisa, shows how generously Josephine subdued her own interests to the wishes of the emperor. At the request of the pope, a religious celebration of the nuptials of Napoleon and Josephine had taken place the night preceding the coronation—their marriage having been according to the simple forms of the revolution, merely an appearance of the contracting parties before a civil magistrate. The emperor of Austria, at the request of his daughter, directed inquiries to be made respecting this religious ceremonial, Maria Louisa having declared that she would, after such marriage, regard an alliance with the French emperor as a sacrilegious union. Josephine evaded the consequence by referring to the *Moniteur*, the journal which detailed all the proceedings connected with the court; but where she knew, at the emperor's request, this celebration had not been inserted. What heavenly magnanimity! Who but Josephine could have thus answered?

Henceforth she continued to reside alternately at Malmaison and Navarre, living in imperial grandeur, and retaining her title of empress at Napoleon's desire—surrounded by the first people of the court, and passing her days in a continued series of benevolent exertion toward all who were in need. From Navarre she thus writes to Napoleon:—"After having known all the sweets of a love that is shared, and all the suffering of one that is so no longer; after having exhausted all the pleasures that supreme power can confer, and the happiness of beholding the man whom I loved enthusiastically admired, is there aught else, save repose, to be desired? What illusions can now remain for me? All such vanished when it became necessary to renounce you. Thus, the only ties which yet bind me to life are my sentiments for you, attachment for my children, the possibility of being able still

to do some good, and, above all, the assurance that you are happy. Do not, then, condole with me on my being here, distant from a court, which you appear to think I regret. Surrounded by those who are attached to me, free to follow my taste for the arts, I find myself better at Navarre than any where else; for I enjoy more completely the society of the former, and form a thousand projects which may prove useful to the latter, and will embellish the scenes I owe to your bounty. There is much to be done here, for all around are discovered the traces of destruction; these I would efface, that there may exist no memorial of those horrible inflictions which your genius has taught the nation almost to forget. In repairing whatever these ruffians of the revolution labored to annihilate, I shall diffuse comfort around me; and the benedictions of the poor will afford me infinitely more pleasure than the feigned adulation of courtiers. Besides you there is nothing here I regret, since I shall have my children with me soon, and already enjoy the society of the small number of friends who remained faithful to me. Do not forget *your friend*; tell her sometimes that you preserve for her an attachment which constitutes the felicity of her life; often repeat to her that you are happy; and be assured that, for her, the future will thus be peaceful, as the past has been stormy—and often sad.'

Upon the birth of the king of Rome, Josephine addressed Napoleon a very delicate and touching congratulatory letter. 'Having ceased to be your wife, dare I felicitate you on being a father? Yes, sire, without hesitation, for my soul renders justice to yours, in like manner as you know mine; I can conceive every emotion you experience, as you divine all I feel at this moment; and, though separated, we are united by that sympathy which survives all events. I should have desired to learn the birth of the king of Rome from yourself, and not from the cannon of Evreux or the courier of the prefect; I know, however, that in preference to all, your first attentions are due to the public authorities of the state, to the foreign ministers, to your family, and especially to the fortunate princess who has realized your dearest hopes. She cannot be more tenderly devoted to you than I; but she has been enabled to contribute more towards your happiness, by securing that of France. She has, then, a right to your first feelings, to all your cares; and I, who was but your companion

in times of difficulty—I cannot ask more than a place in your affection far removed from that occupied by the empress Maria Louisa. Not till you shall have ceased to watch by her bed, not till you are weary of embracing your son, will you take the pen to converse with your best friend.—I will wait.'

The noble creature, also, addressed a very amiable letter to Maria Louisa—and celebrated the event so long vainly desired, by giving a splendid entertainment to her little court.

But from the summit of Napoleon's glory, let us pass on to his fall and subsequent retreat to Elba. Upon receiving a letter from him informing her of his defeat, and the desertion of those whom, in prosperity, he had believed his faithful friends, Josephine was, at first, overcome with grief and consternation; but, recovering from her stupor, she exclaimed, with impassioned energy, 'I must not remain here—my presence is necessary to the emperor. That duty is, indeed, more Maria Louisa's than mine; but the emperor is alone—forsaken. Well, I, at least, will not abandon him. I might be dispensed with when he was happy—now, I am sure, he expects me.' The following is an extract of a letter which she shortly after addressed to him:—'Ah, sire! why cannot I fly to you? Why cannot I give you the assurance that exile has no terrors save for vulgar minds; and that, far from diminishing a sincere attachment, misfortune imparts to it a new force! I have been on the point of quitting France to follow your footsteps, and to consecrate to you the remainder of an existence which you so long embellished. A single motive restrained me, and that you may divine. If I learn that, contrary to all appearance, I *am the only one* who will fulfill her duty, nothing shall detain me, and I will go to the only place where henceforth there can be happiness for me, since I shall be able to console you when you are isolated and unfortunate! Say but the word, and I depart.'

But she lived neither to execute this plan, nor witness his return from exile. Griefs preyed upon her constitution, and on the 29th of May, 1814, her gentle spirit passed calmly to the land of love and peace. Her last words are singularly affecting. 'At least, I shall die regretted; I have always desired the happiness of France; I did all in my power to contribute to it; and I can say with truth to all of you now present at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon

never caused a single tear to flow.' Who else of us will be able to die with truth so sweet upon our lips? Well did she earn her title, 'the excellent Josephine;' and the tears of the two thousand *poor*, who voluntarily followed her remains to their humble tomb, attested that though Josephine had never drawn tears by her crimes, her *goodness* was powerful to make them abundantly weep.



FAITH'S MINISTRIES.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Original.

TO J. H. S.

I HAVE read oft-times, in my younger days,
Of potent genii and witching fays,
Who threw their charms o'er innocent maids,
And drew green rings in the woodland shades;
So every damsel that sought the spring
That hid its smile 'neath the forest wing,
Or hunted the rose with her soft white hand,
Was sure of a stroke from the hidden wand.

And then she might wish, nor wish in vain—
They rose before her, a visible train,
All that caprice could even divine—
Oh that this gift, in part, were mine!
Then should my wishes and favors be
Blessings and tokens of love to thee!
And holding all power in the 'fairy isle,'
I'd win thy heart to its earlier smile.

But tangible poetry is all dead—
The genii and fairies, alas, are fled!
Two spirits, alone, are left to aid
The fervent hopes of a helpless maid.
Love links her chain to my fond desires,
And FAITH leads on with her golden fires;
And never in life can these spirits part
From the silent hopes of a christian's heart.

She leads me on—the meek-eyed maid—
Beyond the sun and his lengthened shade;
I stand in the glances of jetting springs—
And my cheek is fanned by fluttering wings—
I feel the rays of my Father's love—
While faith, with the eye of a timid dove,
Caresses me on to the cool retreat
That lies like a smile at the Father's feet.

On a seat of moss, in the shade of a rose,
Where the mellow voice of a fountain flows,
There a seraph sits—and her hand retires
With its snowy dimples among the wires
Of a golden harp, whose melting tone
Draws down a smile from the Father's throne;
While her left arm links, with a loving grace,
A sister-seraph in close embrace.

Oh thou whose eye is the star of thought!
'Tis *thy* sweet seraph that faith has sought!
I know her well by her silky hair,
Like golden waves of the sunset air
Floating around those 'heavenly eyes,'
That turn above with their soft replies—

I know her well by her snowy cheeks,
And the gentle name that the Savior speaks.

'Marian! Marian! come to me!
Come from the shade of the fragrant tree!
I see a thought in thy soft blue eye
Of the shadowy land below the sky;
Dearly beloved, thy mind retreats
To earthly love and its transient sweets,
Where hearts for thee so vainly yearn—
Oh! say, young seraph, wouldst thou return?'

'Nay, nay, my Savior, alone with thee
And our Holy Father, I care to be;
But I sometimes dream of that sinful shore,
And the smiles I loved so well of yore—
I see dark visions of bitter tears
Shed over the grave of my mortal years—
And wasted hopes, and a broken heart—
Oh bid, dear Savior, these dreams depart!'

'Gentle and fond as ever on earth,
Thy spirit turns to its mortal birth—
To the father's smile, and the mother's love,
And the arms that sheltered their nestling dove;
From thence, I called thee, lest all too fond
In their hearts might grow the earthly bond;
Sweet seraph, I called thee! but not alone
Did I leave those hearts, with their hopes o'erthrown.

Faith bound together a fairer wreath,
That never will shrink at the touch of death—
She soothed the brows that were heavy with pain,
And called the smiles to their lips again;
And daily she leads their weary feet
To Zion, o'erlooking thy heavenly seat;
They see thee here, and their hearts lie still,
Submissive, in hope, to their Father's will.'

Oh sister! hath faith not a balmy power
To soften the griefs of a lonely hour,
When, leading us up to the land above,
She shows us the blessings of those we love?
There now she leads me, and there I see
Thy little one sitting on Jesus' knee—
While love draws me back with her winning prayer,
To tell thee how blest is thy Marian there!

Shirley Village, Mass.



KNOWLEDGE.

Original.

KNOWLEDGE is no part of true religion, yet there can be no true religion without knowledge. The iron rail is no part of the car, yet without the rail the car would be useless. There must be intellect to receive the truth, or the irrational part of creation could become subjects of Divine grace themselves. The ground upon which a picture is drawn is no part of the picture, yet unless there is ground to paint it upon there can no picture be drawn. Knowledge is therefore requisite to a religious being. Now it may be objected that the knowledge of earthly things can have no connection with spiritual ones, and hence

a man's utter ignorance does not incapacitate him from becoming a very pious man. It is true that a man, with very little knowledge may be a very good man—but how often has ignorance led men astray with regard to the true objects of worship, and the character of Deity. Idolatrous prejudices, superstitions, and idle dreams may be dispelled by knowledge alone. No person will worship the sun, when he obtains a knowledge of astronomy; nor will he believe that the stars are objects of adoration, when he learns that they are worlds in some respects like our own.

It is said that the Hottentots and Caffres do not believe in a God—but it is not because they have reasoned and judged on the subject. It is because they never heard of a God. Take one of these men and instruct him; teach him to reason—to judge of cause and effect, and he will become susceptible of the sublime truth, that there is a God who governs the universe. Now, it is evident that knowledge is required by the Hottentots and Caffres, to render them religious men. It would seem that we were placed in this world to receive our first intellectual impressions, and we know that in order to do that, we must become imbued with a knowledge of worldly things, received through the senses. In proportion as our knowledge is, so is our intellect. A knowledge of facts must unavoidably be honorable to God, as all truths are of his creation; and are calculated to set forth his character, and magnify his wisdom. They who would keep mankind in ignorance, must either be very weak, or they must have a design upon the freedom of thought, permitted by Providence to every rational being.



SUPPLICATION.

Original.

BRIEF and emphatic is the prayer which Jesus taught his disciples. It was the custom to make long prayers in those days. The Scribes and Pharisees made quite a display in their addresses to the Supreme Being, than which few things are more indecorous. It is not to be supposed that the Allwise Mind can be injured, or wearied, by a long, drowsy prayer; but the effect on the hearers must be highly injurious, and derogatory to the character of the Supreme Being among men. Public prayer is the most solemn exercise of religion. The person in the act of devotion, is supposed to be speaking directly to the Al-

mighty himself. How should a finite, dependent being address Him who not only knoweth our hearts and our most secret thoughts, but is himself the very sum and essence of all excellence? Jesus told his disciples that their heavenly Father knew what things they had need of before they asked him. The question may then arise, why ask him at all? We reply that it is by opening the heart to receive those things which He is well pleased to bestow upon us, we place ourselves in a proper situation to be benefited by them. It is not necessary to remind the Creator that we have need of those things; but when we ask Him for the blessings which He is well pleased to bestow, we acknowledge the source from whence they are derived. The heart is rendered susceptible of gratitude. When we look up for the showers of mercy, we see that they come from heaven, and are not unmindful of the Giver. When we draw nigh unto God, He will draw nigh unto us. We are commanded to pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' But when we use those words, it is to be supposed that the spirit is seeking for heavenly nourishment. Otherwise the mere pronounciation of the words is vain. 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' This appeal we cannot make, in sincerity, unless we do forgive men their trespasses. It is a profitable exercise to look over the Lord's Prayer, before we proceed to address the Almighty; and if we find that we can, in truth and sincerity, pronounce it, then are we in a fit condition to pray. Otherwise our words are but as sounding brass. Our praying will be unprofitable to ourselves, and hypocritical before men. We have then need to put our hand upon our mouth; or, smiting it upon the breast, to cry—'Lord be merciful to me a sinner!'



REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

Original.

THAT God 'will render to every man according to his deeds,' is a truth clearly taught in his revealed word. 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' 'He that doeth wrong, shall receive for the wrong he hath done, and there is no respect of persons.' Numerous passages might be quoted, but these are sufficient for our purpose.

Unfortunately for the welfare, the peace and happiness of mankind, this subject has not been

viewed in its true light. Men have been deluded on this, as well as many other doctrines of the Bible. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that professed teachers of the gospel have been led, and in their turn have led others, astray on this point. And thus pernicious errors have been deeply impressed on the minds of men.

Vice, we have been told, will meet with its punishment. But the day of retribution has been put too far off, to exert a restraining influence. Men have been urged to 'cease from evil,' from improper motives. Sin has been robed in a fascinating garb, and men have courted her smiles and acquaintance, because they have deemed her society agreeable, her yoke easy, and her burden light. The great evil to be dreaded from her acquaintance is in a future world, and means are provided whereby this can be escaped, and thus the sinner enjoy more happiness than the saint on earth, and equal happiness in heaven. Such representations have encouraged men in, rather than restrained them from the commission of evil deeds.

On the other hand, virtue has been presented in any thing but an attracting light. The peace, joy, comfort and bliss which it yields, and infuses into the mind, has been overlooked. The path of the just, represented in scripture as 'bright and shining,' has been considered dark and gloomy, and thickly strown with briars and thorns.

No one can deny, successfully, that such sentiments have been, and by multitudes are still regarded as sound doctrine. Many of the divines of the age, and those too, who are regarded as 'pillars of the church,' argue the doctrine of a future state on the ground that such a state is necessary, in order that God may manifest his abhorrence of sin, and his approval of holiness. Such, of course, deny that a proper distinction is made in the present world. Men will not be truly good under the influence of such erroneous sentiments.

Let the light of divine truth shine upon the mind and dispel these errors—let the scriptural doctrine of rewards and punishments prevail, and be rightly understood, the dark waters of sin, pollution and death will be stayed, 'the wilderness and solitary place be made glad,' and 'the desert blossom as the rose.' The bible assures us that 'there is no peace to the wicked.' 'He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption.' He is to reap corruption in the

same state in which he sows the seed, and not in that world, where all are raised immortal, *incorruptible*, spiritual, heavenly! The scriptures also declare that all who love God's law, and observe his testimonies, have great peace, and nothing shall offend them. 'Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace.' 'The righteous shall be recompensed in the earth.' Make men realize these great truths, and you fortify them against temptation, and cause them to abhor every appearance of evil.

Reader, will you examine carefully and prayerfully the subject thus presented to your consideration? 'Search the scriptures,' and wisdom from on high will guide thee into all truth. Would you be happy in life, and happy in death, *be virtuous*. Virtue will ever command the esteem and respect of men, the veneration of angels, and the approval of God. H. R. N.

Claremont, N. H.



APRIL.

Original.

WELCOME, sweet month! though thou art coy,
As bashful maid, of thy bright smiles:
Thy coming still we hail with joy;—
In spite of all thy freaks and wiles,
We love thee well, for thou dost bring
Sunshine and joy, sweet child of spring!

We know thou hast a lovely face!
Although at times by tears 'tis dim'd—
We know thou hast a form of grace!
For thou wert made, and clothed by him
Who placed the rainbow in the sky—
A pledge of peace and amity.

I love thee best of all thy train!
For thou hast not the froward way
Of elder March—nor art thou vain,
Like as thy younger sister May:—
Whose gaudy dress, and showy air,
Tell, that she deems herself most fair.

We hail thee! for the blessed hope
Thou bringest to the couch of pain;
Telling the sufferer thou hast broke
The sleep of death, to live again—
Bidding him in thy triumph see
An type of man's high destiny.

For he, like thee, shall live again,
In all the freshness of life's spring:
But not like thee, to fade and wane,—
No second blight, or withering,
Can mar the lustre of the soul,
That's freed by death, from sin's control. c.

Hartford, Ct.

LET us help each other, and so help ourselves.

DEATH OF THE REDEEMER.

Original.

Socrates died like a philosopher ; but Jesus Christ died like a God.

ROUSSEAU.

HAD Rousseau lived in this age, I think he would have been a Universalist ; but the circumstances by which he was surrounded required that he should be either an infidel, or a partialist. He chose the former, and I approve his choice. Of the two evils, he chose the least. Far better is it to disbelieve in the existence of a Supreme Being than to blaspheme his name and libel his character. The influence of partialism upon the human mind, is even more destructive than atheism.

There was a great deal of candor in the mind of Rousseau. He was shocked by the monstrous doctrines of partialism, and saw that those doctrines were so bound up in christianity, as it then was taught, that it was next to impossible to separate them from it. Had he possessed the patience, the independence, and the persevering impartiality to divide the true from the false, to strip christianity of its false attire and present it to the world in its genuine simplicity, Byron would not have been obliged to call him 'the apostle of affliction.' Rousseau missed the path to true happiness, and in gloom and dissatisfaction he trod the path of life, which was irradiated by no kindly beam from the gospel. He was a wanderer on barren mountains—he judged amiss in the supreme point, and, with all his genius, was the most unhappy of men.

Nevertheless, his better angel was ever at his side ; and whenever he listened to the voice of wisdom, his sentiments were worthy to be chronicled for the instruction of future ages. He could not be insensible to the merits of Jesus Christ ; and it was in contemplation of the manner of his death, that he wrote the memorable passage — 'Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God !'

And shall the christian believer be less alive to the dignity and blessedness of his Saviour's death than the infidel philosopher ? Shall the beauty, the simplicity, and the majesty of his character, as exemplified in his last hour, fail to strike those with equal force, and to kindle equal enthusiasm in those minds which regard him as the likeness of their heavenly Father, and the image of his brightness ?

We behold the man Jesus isolated from all human sympathy. Not even the ties of consanguinity

brought consolation or aid in the hour of his suffering. He was alone. He was a wonder and a stranger to his nearest relatives. They knew him not. The answer to his parents, when but twelve years of age : 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business ?' proved that the work he had to do, and the character which he had to sustain, were such as could neither be appreciated nor forwarded by them. It is true that he chose unto himself disciples to whom he gave the appellation of friends and brethren ; but were they calculated to perform the part of friends, according to the general acceptance of the term ; and were they worthy to be accounted the brethren of the Divine Redeemer, as the world understands the word ? Alas ! they were wholly dependent upon him for every good, while they could give nothing in return. Him they could not comfort, and his afflictions, instead of drawing out their sympathy, only filled their minds with doubt, and alienated their affections from him. His disciples looked to him as the deliverer of Israel from the Roman yoke, and of the spirituality of his kingdom they had no correct notion while he was with them. When he foretold his crucifixion, their hearts were troubled exceedingly, as they saw an end to those hopes of earthly greatness which they had anticipated when Jesus should be made the king of Israel. As he gradually unfolded to them the events concerning himself, even those which required all the sympathy and tenderness which could be bestowed upon him, he was obliged to comfort them, and to persuade them that such was consistent with the prophecies respecting the true Messiah. He sought not these disciples in order that they might protect or befriend him, but that they should aid in the work which he came to set on foot—the redemption of the world. For him there was no help and no sympathy on earth—he trod the wine press alone, and of the people there were none to help him.'

He performed his mission without receiving the aid of other men, or their solace in the time of suffering—but it was then that his dependant and erring disciples needed the greater solace from him. It was while racked with bodily pain and mental agony, that he was obliged to forget his own misfortunes in order to comfort and strengthen his disciples.

In that dread hour when he was betrayed and delivered up to his relentless persecutors, his disciples lost their confidence in him and fled. Even

Peter, who had so enthusiastically declared his unyielding attachment to the Savior, fled with the rest, and denied him more than once when challenged as his friend and disciple. The Savior had prophesied that they should forsake him on that eventful night, and he did not attempt to persuade them to abide the issue and share in his calamity, as a timorous or selfish man would have done. He was left alone, and alone he was taken before his enemies who acted also as his judges. During his trial he sought not to defend himself. He, the faultless—he who of all men could have pleaded the good works which he had wrought—the harmlessness of his life and conversation—sought not to elicit the good will or appeal to the mercy of those who held his mortal life in their hands.

It will be recollected that when the Spanish pirates were condemned in this city, one of them was pardoned by the President, because he had, on a former occasion, saved the lives of several Americans at sea, by taking them from a wreck, an act which common humanity would require of any individual. But this man had been convicted of actual piracy, of a capital crime. Of Jesus, Pilate said, 'I can find no fault in him.' Yet the works of Jesus were fresh in the memory of every individual then existing. Had he chosen, he might easily have pointed his judges to the many deeds of mercy which he had wrought in their streets. He might have cited before them the ruler whose daughter he had raised up. He might have summoned the grateful son, whose beloved mother had been suddenly healed of her infirmity. He could have bidden those out of whom he had cast devils, and whose blindness he had cured, to lift up their voices in his behalf. He might, indeed, have called a host who had tasted of his mercy, to bear witness that his spotless life had been one of mercy and unutterable good will to men.

But he sought no such witnesses. He plead neither for mercy nor for simple justice. He stood alone, and well knew that the nation among which he had led so glorious a career, were wrapped in midnight darkness—that they could not comprehend his character or the nature of his kingdom. In that dark hour there was none to speak for him. How unlike was his condemnation and death to that of the patriot for whom a thousand hearts are bleeding, and who knows that although a tyrant may adjudge him to death, there are a thousand warm hearts beating for

him—that generations unborn will applaud his deeds. Jesus felt that there was no human sympathy for him—for he was one whom the world could neither understand nor appreciate. No weeping partizans looked on at a distance, admiring his fortitude, and eager to avenge his fall. He knew that his fate had alienated from him, even the few friends who had wandered with him over the cheerless plains of Judea. So general was the opposition to him, that even one of the thieves on the cross joined in reviling him. Even the decencies of a common execution were denied him, and the ribald soldiers mocked him in his dying agonies. What had he done to merit such treatment? His crime consisted in bringing immortality to light, and filling Judea with the evidences of his mercy and loving kindness!

Yet in the midst of these deep and overwhelming wrongs—this black-hearted injustice and cruelty, where do we find a single trace of revenge or resentment in the whole conduct of the Redeemer? Is it in the mild promise to the penitent thief? Is it in the tender regard for his forlorn mother who stood at his cross? Or is it in the prayer for his murderers? Well may even an infidel exclaim, that 'Jesus Christ died like a God!'



MORAL LAW.

Original.

I THINK I need not labor to convince the reader that mankind are social beings. That trait in our character was manifested primitively, in the garden of Eden. The Almighty Maker declared it was not good for man to be alone. We find that those who have been doomed to spend years, or even months, on a desolate island, have pined for the society of their fellows. Cowper puts into the mouth of Robinson Crusoe, these words:

'Oh, solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place!'

For a criminal to be sentenced to solitary imprisonment is deemed a severe infliction of the law. But independent of the distaste which we have for utter and protracted solitude, is another consideration which decides conclusively that we are, by nature, social beings.

A man cut off from the society of his fellow beings, for a long term of years, falls gradually back into a state of ignorance and intellectual

imbecility. He almost forgets how to express himself by words ; and seems also to have lost a large portion of his ideas. Nor is this all ; for a person who should be brought up in total seclusion, and not even permitted to enjoy converse with the individual who brought him his food, would, when arrived at mature age, present the appalling spectacle of a human body destitute of a soul ! I do not mean that he would be rendered wholly incapable of learning ; but having received no ideas from others, and having had no opportunity to sharpen his natural intellect by collision with the intellects of others, he would seem to know little more than a brute.

I think it is proved, therefore, that we are, by nature, social beings ; since, without intercourse with each other, we scarcely can become intellectual beings. It is, then, ordained by Providence, that we should live in communities.

If we must live in communities, there is a course of conduct which we ought to pursue toward each other. We cannot act in any manner that we may fancy, and still contribute to the welfare, the improvement, and the happiness of the great mass. If each one sought his own happiness and convenience, independent of the rest, there would be no social feeling, and consequently no social enjoyment. But how are we to determine—how is each member of society to know what will be most conducive to the happiness of the whole ? Such is the vanity and the pride of the human heart, is it not natural to conclude that every man would think he ought to take the lead and arrange public matters exactly to suit his own notions of propriety ; and where no concern for the good of the whole exists, would not an individual be desirous only of personal aggrandizement, and grasp every thing for his own use ? Any person must perceive that, each individual being governed by such feelings, society would soon become but one knot of inextricable confusion—floating forever in a sea of blood. What prevents mankind from thus destroying the harmony of communities, and seeking only their personal aggrandizement ?

We see that among the lower animals the strongest rules. The more powerful brutes prey upon the weaker ones. The lion devours the deer or the horse without remorse—the wolf destroys the sheep, the fox preys upon the fowl, and the fowl plucks the crawling worm from the earth. Will it be answered that man, also, preys upon the flocks and herds, the birds of the air

and the inhabitants of the flood ? To that there is a ready answer. There is an infinite disparity between an intellectual being and the irrational brute. In acknowledging that man preys upon the inferior animals, I see no parity between the two cases. I am speaking of animals which may be regarded as nearly equal. Brute devours brute, and even those of the same genus will wrest from each other the food which they may have obtained without regard to any other law but that of superior force.

Now if these practices obtained in human society, we can readily see what the consequence would be. There would be no security for life or property. Instead of living in communities, we should be compelled to separate. The weak would hide among the caverns and the secret places of the wilderness ; while the strong would prowl in open day, until a stronger came and subdued them in his turn.

These painful consequences would result, if a mere regard for self-gratification was the ruling principle—if the apparently natural and straightforward course was pursued by every member of society.

But here steps in a principle which man only is capable of appreciating—which is vouchsafed to our race alone of all creatures which dwell on the face of the earth. I mean the *moral law*. Here is a power which reigns paramount to interest, pride, and selfish inclination. Justice, mercy, and everlasting truth, come to our aid, and save the world from chaos and from ruin. It is, indeed a sublime thought, that there is no race of men who are not, more or less, governed by *conscience*, in opposition to mere self-gratification. Now this conscience, this abstract sense of right and wrong, is conferred upon man even as instinct is conferred upon the lower animals. Reason unaided by this spiritual revelation from on high, would never have led us to dispense with the promptings of self for the sake of doing right. Every man who has led the people of his generation a step forward in virtue, has been divinely inspired. Although there may have been no thunders from Sinai, no fire from heaven descending upon altars of stone, yet all vivid impression of moral truth is inspiration—the teachings of Omnipotence written on the heart of man in legible characters. When Moses instructed the degraded and ignorant Israelites in morality—when he gave them those ten commandments

which we, in this day of light, acknowledge to be good—he must have been inspired.

We derive not this kind of knowledge from our fellow-men. The Babylonians, the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah and the Egyptians were numerous, and of course dwelt in communities, having every opportunity to instruct each other; but they exhibited but little knowledge of that law which true wisdom inculcates. I say that we do not necessarily imbibe moral truths from the conversation of our fellow-beings—but we learn to reason and to think, and without intellectual power moral truth would have no ground upon which to operate.

We are not to suppose that this moral power is bestowed upon us merely that we may get along without trouble in this world—merely that we may enjoy our property in security, and that our persons may be safe from harm. The laws of the land aim no higher than this. We have rules to which penalties are attached, and our governors require obedience to them outwardly. So that if the peace of society is not broken by any outward act, our laws do not interfere. But he who simply obeys these laws should not suppose himself to be a moral man. He may refrain from any outward infraction of the laws through fear, or from a selfish regard to his character among men. The revelation of God enjoins upon us to do well from choice—to prefer righteousness above evil, and to be moral at heart. ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.’ On these commandments hang the law and the prophets. By cultivating the moral sense—by purging from our hearts all that is evil—by slaying every evil thought and desire, we become not moral from necessity, but from choice. Unless we love virtue we do not practise it; our hearts are not cleansed, and it only requires that we should be placed in different circumstances, to break the laws of God and man openly.

Righteousness is of no temporary date. It is eternal and immutable—it is the word of Christ which will not pass away, even when the heavens and the earth have ceased to exist.

Let us not say that the Almighty has, at times, commanded evil to be done, for what would be evil in man is not so in him. He that sees all things, and whose infinite wisdom can balance the good and the evil, may command the destruction of a wicked nation by the sword. But for man to destroy his brother is sin, because he

knows not how to make the final good spring from the present evil. When we bring pain upon our fellow creatures, we do it for the purpose of injuring them, and because our hearts are hardened against them. Not so with Him who ‘rides on the storm and directs the whirlwind.’ He may give to the evil which is in the world any direction that seemeth good unto him, because it is thus designed to work out the good of the whole. But for man to do evil at all is sin—as much so as if a lad, after seeing a skillful workman cut out a garment, should suppose that he, too, had a right to cut the cloth, and should immediately use the shears without judgment or knowledge.

E. W. S.

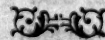


THE PAST.

Original.

THE past! the unreturning past!
How many hearts deplore,
And hopeless weep o'er buried joys
Time never can restore;
‘Thou hast our better days!’ their souls
In bitter anguish breathe,
‘And such rich crowns of hope and joy,
The future cannot wreathe;
And like the unmarked dove we roam,
Her only home behind,
But O unlike that dove we ne’er
The peaceful olive find.’
No echo in my soul’s deep caves,
Gives back the mournful strain;
I would not wish to turn time back,
And bring the past again;
For its rich fruits, by memory gleaned,
And garnered in the heart,
Afford delight to feasting thought,
With which I would not part,
To live again the happiest hours
That swiftly passed away;
More loves I know, and brighter hopes
Their sunbeams round me play.

ED.



A SISTER'S LOVE.

BY MISS N. THORNING.

Original.

‘O, sister, soothe,
With your soft voice and gentle smile, this sad one;
To calm the troubled heart is woman’s office,
And this would angels do, were they on earth.’

MRS. HALE.

GENTLE reader, the following narrative is not of the country, bright and beautiful; it is not of green woods and flowering meadows, nor of neat, beautiful villages, like fairy-land, where the sun shines most joyously, where the blue skies seem bluer, and the deep voice of nature speaks its

soothing music to the oppressed heart. But it is of the city, the close, and crowded city, where the child of affluence passes unheeded the child of poverty ; where the equipage of the rich rolls proudly along, and close beside stands the poor, heart-stricken son of affliction ; and where he whom the world calls virtuous, and he who has drank deeply of the dark waters of sin, tread the same path together.

O, there are many and various scenes in a city ! We pass the abodes of the opulent ; fair forms are flitting by the lighted windows, and the sounds of joyous music, and the light tones of mirth and laughter meet our ear. Farther on, and we pass the temple dedicated to the worship of the Most High ; the solemn music of the rich, deep-toned organ is swelling loudly and freely forth. Pass along still farther, and we see the lowly dwelling of the poor ; the single lamp sends forth a feeble, flickering ray, like to the last beam of departing hope to the despairing heart. And there are scenes of deep and bitter misery in a city ! Who has not seen them ? Who has not felt his heart soften, and had his sympathies awakened, by some of the many scenes of sorrow that are so often met with ? Shall we describe such a scene to you ? Shall we lead you, in imagination, to one of the narrow streets of one of our large cities ? In one of those small, low built houses, a sorrowful family are gathered together. It is towards the close of a day of autumn, and the sun is just setting ; but it sheds none of its last cheering beams in the apartment where the group are gathered. An air of neatness and comfort seems to reign in the room—struggling, however, against the hard grasp of cold and bitter poverty. The emaciated form of a man in the prime of life, reclines upon a bed in a corner of the room ; drops of cold perspiration are on his high forehead, from which the masses of dark hair are parted. Over him bends a woman whose countenance speaks of deep and heart-rending grief ; there is a rigidity in the features, and a quivering of the lip, as if she were struggling to repress her sorrow, and to hide the tears which seem ready to flow from the glazed eyes. A young girl is kneeling at the foot of the bed, and sobbing bitterly ; while on a low stool at the head of the bed, by the side of his mother, sits a very young boy. The very appearance of the boy speaks of sorrow. His young form is bent, and his limbs are very slight, and seem scarcely sufficient to sustain the weight

of his body. His countenance is very pale, as if from sickness—but there is an expression of meekness and patience about it, and his broad, open forehead speaks of a mind which is not feeble, even though the frame in which it dwells may be ; the hot tears are now trickling through the pale, thin fingers, which are pressed upon his burning eyelids.

The breath of the dying man grew more feeble, and when his spirit had left its frail, earthly tenement, when the wife and mother saw that all hope of life was gone, she fell fainting upon the bed by the side of him she had so faithfully loved. This roused the young girl from her stupor of grief, and she endeavored to restore her mother to a state of consciousness. O, there is oft-times a strength, and a power of endurance, in a young heart which we dream not of. For the love which such bear a fellow-being, they can cast aside selfish sorrow, and put on a look of cheerfulness to clear away the clouds of care and despondency from a loved heart.

It was long, very long ere the kind efforts of the girl were effectual ; meanwhile the poor boy sat, with streaming eyes, gazing upon the scene before him. He had never seen death until now ; he had never gazed upon the ghastly face, the closed eye, nor felt the cold and chilling sensation which creeps over us when we touch for the last time the inanimate clay which was once a living and breathing being like ourselves ! and he had seen it for the first time on the face of one he loved ; its work was first made visible to him on one to whom he had ever looked in childlike confidence and trust.

He had seen poverty before ; he had seen his parents struggling hard for the means of sustaining life ; and he had seen the pale face of his mother grow paler, and her form thinner day by day, and the once robust form of his father bow down by sickness, and watched his hard struggling with pain and anguish. But death, in its dread and stern reality, he had never seen till now ; and it cast a shadow over his young heart, and a something like terror, a feeling he had never felt before, came over him. He did not as yet know, that even death itself is sometimes less to be dreaded than life ; he had not as yet learned how, sometimes, it comes like a messenger of joy instead of sorrow ; and how, like a merciful angel, it oft-times spreads its mantle of darkness over a grief-torn heart, bearing it forever away from the scenes and sorrows of life.

The mother had now returned to a state of consciousness ; calmly she rose from the side of the dead, and in even cheerful tones she spoke to her two orphan children, who were now wholly dependant upon her in a world of trial and temptation.

George Russell and Martha Shelden were united in the spring-time of life, with bright anticipations of the future. True, they were not in a state of affluence, for they were wholly dependant upon their own exertions for a maintenance ; but when did young and loving hearts ever shrink from exertion for those they loved ? The two lived in a state of happiness which all knew not of ; toil was sweetened by affection, and the two children who blest their union served the more to add to their cup of happiness. Their greatest affliction was the infirmity of their youngest child ; but then his disposition was so amiable, and he was so affectionate and patient, that the heart of the parent seemed to cling closer to the poor deformed boy for his very deformity. O, there is a fount of love within a mother's heart, deep, strong and deathless. She will smile upon the bright and happy face of the cherub sporting joyously around her, she will watch untired by the bedside of her sick one, and pillow his aching head upon her bosom, and her cheek will pale and her eye lose its lustre, yet all unnoticed by her who thus willingly devotes her own health for the love she bears her suffering child ! The young heart of Louis Russell seemed bound up in the love he bore his parents and his one, only sister ; debarred by his infirmity from all childish sports, he loved more fondly the few to whom his fond heart clung.

The exertions of Mr. Russell to obtain a livelihood for his beloved wife and children, were too great for his constitution. Slowly, yet surely did the insidious disease make its approach upon his frame ; every day his cough grew more violent, and the hectic of consumption deepened upon his cheek. His wife, with the watchful eye of affection, first saw his danger ; he strove to laugh her fears away, but she knew too well the progress of the insidious disease, and she felt that soon the angel of death would come to claim the victim which had so long been marked his own. His death, therefore, had not come unexpected ; but still when she felt that he was no more of earth, she could not forbear yielding to her sorrowful feelings ; but it was but for a moment, and she arose strong in the faith which

bids us not despair in hours of sorrow and of grief. But it was a world of trial and temptation in which she was placed, and she was to stem its current almost alone. Hard, very hard, she strove against the sorrow which she endeavored to conceal from her young children. They knew not of the hours of toil she passed when their young eyes were closed in sleep ; they knew her love strong and enduring, but they knew not the whole of its depth, nor all the privations which for their sake she suffered. But the buoyancy of her spirits had fled, and though the task was well fulfilled, yet her exertions were too great. Worn down by sorrow and toil, she was at length confined to her sick chamber, from which she never went in life. All now devolved upon her daughter Mary, whose power seemed to rise with this emergency. With a soft step she would glide around the apartment, and administer, with a willing hand, to the wants of her mother, and her sweet voice spoke in cheering tones to the sufferer, or rose in fervent prayer to God that he would restore her mother to health ; but, if it was not his will, that she might be enabled to bear the affliction without murmuring. But Mrs. Russell never rose from that sick bed, but calmly she sunk into the arms of death, resigning all to the goodness of her heavenly Father. She gazed upon her poor deformed boy, and felt that it was indeed hard to leave him in a world of trial, with none to love and guide him but his orphan sister. But with the christian's faith, strong and undoubting, she resigned all to him who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'

After the burial of her mother, Mary Russell returned to her home with a sorrowful heart, but she did not repine ; she knew that she must exert herself, as her brother depended wholly upon her for support. She loved her poor deformed brother, with a deep and sacred love ; he was her all ; in him existed the only tie which bound her to the earth ; and the boy clung to her fondly and affectionately. He watched for her approving smile on all his actions ; and now that he was left wholly dependent upon her, he made every exertion in his power to cheer her moments and to lighten the load which must necessarily cling round her young heart.

Mary had now obtained a place in a small factory near by, where she toiled through the day ; and in the evening she was generally busy with her needle-work, which enabled her to obtain a few extra comforts for her loved brother. The

two small rooms which Mary hired were always neat and orderly, and there was ever an air of cheerfulness about them. Louis had a small library which was his chief comfort. The few books of which it was composed, had some been purchased by his father, and some, too, his sister had presented him—having sacrificed many of her own comforts to procure these books to cheer her brother's lonely hours.

It was an interesting sight to see the brother and sister of an evening sitting in their little room. Mary plying her needle most diligently, and Louis sitting by her side with his book, sometimes reading, and sometimes conversing with her of past times, and of his now entire dependance upon her to whom he owed every comfort. Mary at these times would gently tell him that it was God alone he should thank, who had thus far enabled her to perform her duty cheerfully. And it was sad, too, to see such a look of care and anxiety upon so young a brow; it looked as if the cares of the world had come too soon upon the heart; it looked as if the bright, the joyous and laughing days of that young girl had never come, or had been all too quickly succeeded by the cares which belong to maturity.

One evening when Mary returned from her work she found Louis unwell; his cheek was flushed and his pulse quick. 'Do not be alarmed, Mary,' said Louis; 'I shall be better to-morrow.' Mary watched by his bedside till she saw him sink into a seemingly quiet slumber, and then she set down to her work. It was nearly midnight ere she arose to retire to rest. She looked at Louis before she retired; his cheek was still flushed, and his breathing quick, but he seemed to slumber quietly, and she ventured to leave him for the night.

Morning broke over the city, bright and beautiful, giving an air of gaiety and joyousness to its busy bustling scenes. Mary rose early and went to the bedside of Louis. He still slept, but his sleep was broken and disturbed, and he seemed to be in pain. She gently laid her hand upon his forehead and smoothed his dark hair, which was wet with cold perspiration. He started wildly at her gentle touch; 'Louis!' said she, softly; her sweet voice recalled his wandering senses.

'You are worse, Louis,' said Mary; 'shall I not send for a physician?'

'No, O no; I shall be better presently,' said he, attempting to rise; but his head was dizzy,

and he fell almost fainting upon the bed. 'You must not attempt to rise, indeed you are very ill,' said Mary. Louis did not reply. Mary now called one of the women who resided in the same house, to watch with Louis while she went for a physician.

She went to the residence of him who had visited her mother in her sickness. Dr. Weston kindly heard her request, and calling his son they both proceeded with Mary to her humble home. Dr. Weston gave as his opinion, that as yet Louis was in no danger; but as his constitution was so slender, he knew not what might be the result ere the fever with which he was threatened should abate.

However, notwithstanding Mary's kind and unwearied attention, Lewis grew worse. The delirium of fever was upon him, and his life was considered in great danger. His disease was now at its height, and when Dr. Weston called one morning he found him in a profound slumber, and Mary watching by his bedside. He told her that much depended upon that sleep; that the fever had reached its height, and he hoped it might turn favorably. He departed, kindly bidding Mary to hope for the best. Mary sat still by the side of her sick brother. The fever hue was faint upon his cheek, and there was more of the paleness of worn out nature upon his countenance than there had formerly been; she knelt down by his bedside, and prayed fervently that he might be restored to health—for, O, he was her all on earth! It was for him she had labored cheerfully through many trying scenes. She had met the cold gaze of strangers, and the harsh words of those who care not for the feelings of the afflicted, and she had felt the burning tears of sorrow and anguish stealing down her cheek; but then the thought of that gentle brother would come like a bright halo around her pathway, and she would again be comforted, and would tread on her path unmurmuring. But should that bright tie be broken, should that light which had ever shone round her be extinguished, what would become of her—alone in a world of trial? She felt that for herself, alone, she could not bear the sufferings which she had borne. It was the love of that poor, helpless one which had been like a cheering star around her pathway. Mary had a firm trust in the goodness of God; she knew that his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts, and it was this trust and faith which enabled her now to bear up

cheerfully, and hope trustingly that all would yet be well.

Louis woke at length from his long slumber, the delirium was gone, and the flush of fever was no longer upon his cheek. Feebly he opened his languid eyes, and extending his thin, emaciated hand, spake in a faint voice the name of Mary. 'I am here, dear Louis,' said she, who had been anxiously watching him. She bent over him, kissed his pale brow, and enjoined silence. At that moment the young Dr. Weston entered the room. He paused a moment to gaze upon the fair girl before him, bending so fondly over her sick brother. A beautiful blush overspread the pale cheek of Mary as she lifted her head and met his admiring gaze. He, however, did not appear to notice her confusion, but speaking kindly to the sick boy, he soon departed, saying that his father would call in the evening.

Although the fever had abated Louis was still very weak, and long and patiently did Mary administer to his wants. It was to Dr. Weston that they were indebted for many comforts, as the small store which Mary had possessed was long since expended. And he received an ample reward in the lively gratitude of Mary, and the returning health of Louis.

Allow me, gentle reader, to introduce you to one more picture, and I have done. It is in the parlor of one of those large brick buildings in the pleasantest part of the city. On a sofa drawn up before a bright coal fire, is seated a beautiful woman. The rich, dark hair is parted smoothly over the white forehead, a smile lingers about the lovely mouth, and the blue eyes are gazing fondly upon a young babe she holds in her arms; the little cherub is smiling too, as if conscious of its happy lot. At the feet of the young woman, and playing with the lovely babe, is a young man. He appears perfectly happy, although one might be led to imagine by the first glance that he might be otherwise. For the young form is bent by deformity, which looks sad to the beholder. But the brow is unclouded by care or sorrow, the eye is bright and joyous in its glance, and the tones of its voice are sweet and musical as he speaks to the lovely babe. Another of the group is a tall, finely formed young man, who is bending over the young woman, who is no other than his wife. His dark eyes are fixed fondly upon the picture before him, and the raven hair curls gracefully round his high, open forehead, and the lips are parted by a smile of love and affection as

he gazes on those his heart holds dearest on earth. One person more completes the picture. It is a man past the prime of life, who is seated in another part of the room, apparently engaged in reading. There is a benevolent expression about the features which is peculiarly interesting, and every now and anon he lifts his eyes from his book to contemplate the group by the fire.

Does the reader know aught of the persons which compose the picture? Or can he not recognize in the beautiful young woman the poor factory girl? Or does he not know the benevolent features of Dr. Weston, or the high, noble, and intellectual ones of his son, Thomas Weston? If not, he surely will recognize the poor Louis, although we left him last upon a sick-bed.

Yes, the light of prosperity and of greater happiness broke upon the path of Mary Russell. More was given unto her to love, and the rich fountains of affection within her heart sprang brightly forth to meet them. She who had toiled night and day to support herself and her young brother, cheered only by her trust in God and the deep and undying strength of a sister's love; she who had watched untired by the bedside of that sick brother, till her cheek was pale and her eye dim, yet still unrepining, and still loving more and more fondly that orphan boy, she was now a happy wife and mother. And still, amid all did that font of love leap brightly forth for that one for whom she had endured so much; still, while she had others to love, and other objects to cherish, that love still burned bright and unquenchable.

O, it is a holy and a sacred thing—a sister's love. There is something there which we fear not to trust, something so pure that we love to think of its existence. Flattery has no portion therein, but sincerity and truth are its brightest attributes.

Charlestown, Mass.



SKETCHES NO II.

Original.

THE PRISONER.

THE judge entered the court house, and the abrupt cry of the officer—'off hats!' announced that he was seated on the bench. I was lingering among the spectators; and not altogether an idle curiosity induced me to stay until the prisoner should be brought in. A short delay en-

sued, and then the command was given to bring in the accused. An officer went out at a side door, and soon returned, leading one of the lost and degraded ones for whom earth has no pleasant places, and whose redemption another state of being must witness. He had not yet seen forty years, although one unacquainted with the inroads which intemperance makes upon the human form might have supposed him to be more than fifty years of age. Added to the untimely wrinkles upon his stricken brow was a dullness of the eye, a general stupor and insensibility which makes the animated being approximate to a wooden image whose motions are governed by some hidden mechanism, like the automaton figures lately displayed in this country by Mr. Maelzel, now no more. As this wretched and undone being was led into the hall of justice, he evinced no feeling of regret, no sense of shame, no fear of the punishment which awaited him. He came in like a beast led to the stall, mechanically, and resigned to whatever might befall him. His clothing was in tatters, and extreme poverty had left her desolating trace upon all his vestments. He was told to stand at the bar. He did so, and the half-suppressed titter of the spectators appeared to make no more impression upon him than on the bench from which he had risen. He listened to the charge which was read to him by the clerk, and evinced a sort of stupid curiosity as he heard it. He was soon convicted of habitual intemperance, and was led off to prison.

I left the place, and it was at first difficult for me to persuade myself that such an abandoned outcast had been made in the image of the Creator—that to him were delegated powers destined to expand throughout the boundless circuit of eternity, and to exalt him to a companionship with angels. While I was running over in my mind the disagreeable events connected with the appearance and conviction of the wretched man to whose condemnation I had just listened, an elderly man came up abreast with me, and had walked several paces by my side before I perceived him. 'You do not know that man who was just sent off, I presume,' said he.

I answered in the negative.

He then went on to state that he had dropped in to see what was done with the prisoner, as he had been acquainted with him from his childhood. It was evident that the old gentleman took some interest in the wretched culprit, notwithstanding his degradation, and I was therefore interested in

his disclosures. He stated that the defendant, when a lad, was remarkable for his strict honesty, his affectionate deportment toward his relatives and friends; and was also deemed a boy of surprising ingenuity and talent. My informer then related several anecdotes tending to illustrate the early character of the unhappy man. He then went on to state that as he grew up, he secured and retained the confidence of all with whom he had dealings, until he was enabled to set up in business with a considerable capital.

An excellent young lady, of striking personal graces and possessed of a highly cultivated mind, engaged his attention. As they were matched in point of fortune, and were in other respects much alike, the marriage appeared suitable, and they pledged themselves to each other at the altar in the presence of a large number of admiring friends, who predicted a happy career for the young and accomplished pair. But coming events, although, as Campbell says, they may sometimes cast their shadows before, are hidden in the womb of time, and seen only by Him to whom a thousand years are as one day. Two beautiful and highly promising little pledges of their affection graced the household hearth, and the love of the happy couple seemed to become more and more confirmed every day. The husband possessed an active mind, and he could not rest satisfied while living only for himself and his family. He possessed talents, and he longed that the world should also learn that fact. He became interested in the political condition of his country. He attended public meetings, and there his mind became inflamed with a desire for distinction. Ambition fired his soul, and he was no longer contented to live and die an honest man, to attend to his duties, and lead a life of piety and virtue. His amiable and accomplished wife, at once saw the danger which threatened him. She did not doubt that he possessed the requisite talents for making a figure in public life; but she did not believe that his happiness would be increased by entering the arena of politics, and practising the stratagems, the intrigues, and selfish arts inseparable from such a career. The fact that he no longer listened to her warning voice was not calculated to dissipate her fears, and the fever which glowed on his clouded brow only proved that he had become so far alienated from the path which leads to peace as to become a confirmed wanderer. He aimed to establish himself in an office for which older

and more crafty politicians had sighed in vain. The consequence was as his wife had foreseen—he lost the prize for which he had played. For a time he was neglected by his party; and to so sensitive a mind as his, this circumstance was the forerunner of despair. Having lost his relish for more quiet scenes, he could not immediately return to the enjoyment of them. His time was, therefore, spent chiefly away from home. He became fond of company, and when it is considered that he was a politician, we must not be surprised if his companions were not always well chosen. In a high strain of false patriotism, he drank the healths of those great men whose names are identified with the history of their country; and he kept up the late excitement of his mind by applying frequently to the bowl in which momentary pleasure is found, but the dregs of which are unmixed bitterness. The blooming and lovely being whom a few years before he had led to the altar, did not, at first, become acquainted with the course which her husband had adopted. He had still sufficient tenderness for her feelings to restrain him in her presence; and it is not to be supposed that he himself suspected whither his steps were leading him. He still attended to his business, and his happy children welcomed their father with joyous shouts to his home, whenever he returned at night to his dwelling. Plenty still abounded within the walls of that house, and none had reason to complain of the improvidence of its master.

Still the benighted man had acquired an appetite for strong drink, and that was no longer to be quelled by moderate potations. Suddenly his customers began to fall off. They had discovered an unaccountable irregularity in the management of his business, and he was no longer regarded as one in whom they could safely confide.

Sudden ruin fell upon his worldly prospects, and at the same time his wife discovered that he had become an habitual drinker. This overwhelming discovery did not, however, render her powerless; she exerted all her faculties, all her energy, to save him from ruin; and it was not until the last article of furniture had been sold to pay their rent—it was not until she heard her children cry for bread, and had not wherewith to supply their wants, that she felt her spirits give way—and then all was lost. She sunk beneath the blow.

In the alms-house may be found those two noble children, whose hopes are blighted forever by the hand that should have reared them, and that might one day have advanced them to honor and dignity. The wretched father rapidly sunk to greater and greater degrees of abjectness and degradation. He became a lounge about the bar-rooms of the city, shunned and despised by the very servants that once ministered in his family.

At length a miserable vagabond he wandered about the streets, without a shelter for his head, and in danger of actual starvation, until the officers of the law thought it their duty to take care of him. He has been complained of in order that a home might be provided for him, and that the city might not incur the disgrace of suffering a human being to perish in the streets.

I listened to this recital until it was concluded, and then turned away with the single remark, that such had been the history of thousands. So low can the noblest of God's creatures fall, when they once stray from the plain path of duty.

LUCIUS.



'VIRTUE SHALL GUARD AND SHIELD HER OWN.'

Original.

O NEVER let the heart forget
This glorious truth!—although the bright
And gilded hopes of youth, that lit
Existence with a dazzling light,
May fade, e'en like those hues which heaven
To sunset's gorgeous clouds has given.

What though temptation's snares are thrown
Around our path—there is no fear—
Virtue shall guard and shield her own,
E'en in our struggling journey here:
The heart that owns this power is raised
Above man's censure, or his praise.

Shall the poor, petty cares of earth,
Impede the progress of that soul,
Which knows and feels its priceless worth?
Shall any meaner power control
Those aspirations pure and high,
Which tell of joys that never die?

Virtue! 'tis thine to shine more bright,
When all around is lone and dim;
To thee there is no starless night—
E'en the dark, withering blight of sin,
Can never mar the pure, sublime,
And heaven-born beauty, which is thine.

Though fetter'd and confined within
The narrow precincts of the heart—
Beset with danger, doubt and sin,
Thou art the true, unerring chart,
To guide our childhood, age, and youth,
In the strait, narrow path of truth.

And thou, bright one ! to whom my soul
Once bowed in fond idolatry :—
'Twas not the clay of faultless mould
I worship'd—but the purity
Of that expanded radiant mind,
Where all the virtues were enshrin'd.

Though parted, still that hallowed light
Which gilds thy path, shall gladden mine,
If I but strive to keep in sight,
That 'better land,' where we shall find,
All that the yearning soul in vain,
In this poor world, has sought to gain.

Hartford, Ct.



TERRIFIC DENUNCIATIONS.

Original.

EVERY species of inhumanity is opposite to the spirit of Christ. His religion requires the exercise of gentleness, and forbearance in an eminent degree, and marks, as the height of folly all attempts to advance the cause of the Redeemer by coercive measures. He ever rebuked in his disciples all severity towards those who went not with them ; and taught, by precept and example, that they should never cease to use gentle means in endeavoring to build up the truth in the hearts of men.

In the ninth chapter of Luke we have an instance of the Savior's correcting the zeal of his disciples, and rebuking a persecuting spirit. Jesus, with his disciples, was journeying toward Jerusalem. He sent some of his disciples into a Samaritan village to prepare entertainment for him ; but the people would not favor him. This excited the anger of James and John. They could not forbear the expression of their dislike of the inhospitable people, and the insult offered their Master. James and John said to him, 'Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, even as Elias did ?' But Jesus favored not such severity. He rebuked them ; told them they knew not what manner of spirit they were of, that they manifested a disposition at war with the genius of his religion.

It were well if all teachers of christianity, who, when they find sinners unwilling to receive the Savior, are prone to call down fire from heaven upon them and threaten their destruction—it were well if such would go to the Master, and feel the rebuke he gave James and John. It would seem that they could not but be impressed with the unfitness of attempting to re-

venge the rejection of the Savior by hurling at the rejectors denunciations and threatenings ; and there are many who may well be styled, as Jesus called those two disciples, *sons of thunder*, for they deal more in thunderings than any thing else, and many uphold and applaud such characters. True is the description the learned Selden gave 200 years ago : 'If the physician sees you eat any thing that is not good for your body, to keep you from it he cries 'tis poison ; if the divine sees you do any thing that is hurtful for your soul, to keep you from it he cries you are damned.

'To preach long, loud, and damnation, is the way to be cried up. We love a man that damns us, and we run after him again to save us. If a man had a sore leg, and he should go to an honest, judicious surgeon, and he should only bid him to keep it warm, and anoint with such an oil, an oil well known, that would do the cure, haply he would not much regard him, because he knows the medicine beforehand an ordinary medicine. But if he should go to a surgeon that should tell him, your leg will gangrene within three days, and it must be cut off, and you will die unless you do something that I could tell you, what listening there would be to this man ! Oh, for the Lord's sake, tell me what this is ; I will give you any content for your pains.'

We propose to offer a few thoughts on an accusation which is many times brought against the character of universalist preaching. It is often said, we deal too much in the promises of God—we have too much to say of his forbearance and love—of the sureness of the salvation of the future life—of the progress of the truth, and dwell too slightly on the threatenings and denunciations against sin. Not unfrequently we hear the sneering exclamation of 'smooth preaching,' and we are charged with lulling the sinner's fears to sleep. This objection we shall meet, as we regard the subject embraced as important.

In the outset, we shall not tarry to assert that we have ever been the bold and earnest advocates for the loveliness of righteousness, and urgent to guard men against the snares of sin. There is no religious doctrine the proclamation of which is so powerful against sin as Universalism.

But we proceed to give our reasons for having a reserve in thundering forth the denunciations of scriptures, and why we do not feel authorized

in applying the severe threatenings in our preaching.

1. *Christ knew all men.* He was perfectly acquainted with the characters of all who appeared before him. He knew perfectly the depth and strength of their wickedness, how much they had resisted of God's truth imparted to them, and he could not err in the application of his denunciations. He had an authority we have not. He was pure, and could with all dignity rebuke the sinful.

2. *The apostles were inspired.* They were guided by inspiration which we are not favored with. Men claim the same; but let them show credentials, as they did by the miracles they wrought. It was God that spake through them, and inspiration aided their reason to discern characters.

3. *We are sinners ourselves.* We are not perfect in obedience; and nothing appears more absurd and inconsistent, than to see a sinner in the pulpit condemning terrifically sinners out of the pulpit. If some, yea many, preachers felt and understood their own characters better than they do, they would be less severe in their threatenings against the erring. It has often proved the case, that when the true characters of some ministers, who for a long time indulged in the grossest wickedness, was revealed, they have been of those who were the severest and most inhuman in their treatment of sinners.

4. *We should be regarded as full of bitterness did we let out the thunders of the Savior's denunciations against the like characters against whom he spake.* With the sinner who had been led astray though the deceitfulness of sin and the allurements of the world, he was ever gentle. He always used gentle persuasions; 'Come unto me ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He did not represent himself by the elder brother in the parable, and it was against the boasting scribes and pharisees—those who claimed all the religion and goodness of the age, that he sent out his denunciations. Matt. xxiii. 1—33. We see what was the character of these denounced ones in the descriptions of this chapter. No such language was ever used by our Savior against the unpretending, and profane, and irreligious; but he spoke with power and emphasis against the pretenders to all the godliness there was on earth. The reader is requested to notice John viii. 21. 44, and compare

the whole chapter, particularly verses 3. 13. 48. 52. 57.

5. *We hope the most from the influence of gratitude and love.* We know what influences touch our hearts with the greatest power, and we aim to use the same. To use these gentle means we are instructed thus, 2 Tim. ii. 24, 25. 'And the servant of the Lord *must not strive*, (i. e. must not use violent measures or methods,) but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient; in meekness instructing those who oppose themselves; if peradventure God will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth.' In accordance the same apostle uses language like this—'I beseech you by the mercies of God,' &c., Rom. xii. 1. It is better to *win* than to *frighten*, to cause men to love God than to fear punishment. 'Once I was *afraid* to sin, but now I am *ashamed* to sin,' was the language of a convert to the truth of Universalism, and his words well express the feelings of many minds. It is the influence of partialism to make people *afraid* to sin, but it is far better to make them *ashamed* to sin. Fire from no altar but the altar of love, can warm and melt the sinner's heart aright. And Christ gave us proofs abundant that this was the truth he recognized; and the apostle has declared that it is the goodness of God that leadeth to repentance; and who that contrasts his guilt with the daily manifestations of Jehovah's love, does not feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin? Human love, when brought home to the stubborn heart that has long forgotten it, will melt and subdue when nothing else can; and so of divine love.

We are perfectly willing to allow—we glory in allowing that we delight far more to preach the goodness of God, than of wrath and terror. We had rather cherish in the breasts of men a reverential fear of God born of elevated conceptions of his character, and firm reliance upon his mercy, and thus bind them to duty, than to persuade them to nourish a slavish fear of a malignant power—a dread of eternal wrath. We aim for that which is the most honorable to God, and worthiest of man; which gives the best recipe for anguish of heart, and is a balm for every wound, telling us that 'earth has no sorrow which heaven cannot cure.'

Then let us who have received the truth be thankful for the treasure—for the assurance of our Maker's love, and may it beget in us a proper devotion, and make us instant in prayer. Let us

guard against a boastful bearing towards others—that assumption of godliness too often seen—as though all the religion, all the devotion, and all praying, was confined to the boaster's own narrow circle; but in all our intercourse with the world maintain a modest deportment, and be willing to allow due merit to all. The 'sons of thunder' are not all gone from the earth, and there are not wanting those who would call down fire from heaven to consume those of like passions and feelings with themselves. Let us pray that they may learn the Savior's rebuke, and be friends of gentleness, soberness and truth.

Adam Clarke, in commenting on Luke ix. 55, says, 'The disciples did not consider that the zeal which they felt sprung from an evil principle, *being more concerned for their own honor than for the honor of God.*' This is every whit true. When men have true zeal for God they remember his character, his dealings with men, and this chastens and restrains aright their efforts. But a false zeal leads them into extravagances, because they are provoked that they cannot succeed better in their purposes, and are vexed that they cannot add to their honor as 'fishers of men,' unskillful with their nets, and ill able to bear the vexation of gaining no fish.

God grant us wisdom to guide us. To vindicate his truth may he give us power, that we may war with weapons not carnal, but mighty, through him, to the pulling down of strong holds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing which exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

ED.

Haverhill, Mass.



REFLECTIONS ON SPRING.

Original.

THE days of winter have passed and gone; and we look forward with pleasure to the time of the singing of birds, when the snow, with which the hills and dales are clad, will be melted away; when the branches of the forest will be leafless and silent no longer, but will put forth their buds, and again wave in the breeze, all dressed in living green; when the variegated sweet wild flowers will deck the wilderness and the waste places, and the hills and plains, and river banks, be as verdant as in days gone by. For the changing seasons, heat and cold, are fixed by the sovereign will of God.

But why do we look for the coming of such a time with pleasure? Is it because we know our own comfort will be increased? Or is it because we know the comfort of others will also be increased? Is it because we know we shall enjoy the prospect that will be spread out before us, ourselves? Or is it because we know, that, for a time, the cold winds will not howl around the poor man's cot, and creep through the crevices where is felt the miseries of penury, and the cravings of hunger? There are some who will hail the warm sun and the refreshing breeze of summer with gladness, merely because of the good things that will be imparted to themselves. They do not even dream of the sufferings of the poorly clad, and the hungry of earth's children. But there are others, who think of these things—who think of the children of want, affliction and wo, and their hearts are filled with joy when they think of a time when the sorrows of such will be alleviated. The future is the sweetener of their present hours, because they believe that the hearts of others will be gladdened, as well as their own. God knows the feelings of these two classes, to which I have alluded, and he knows, too, which of these is the best and happiest.

There is another winter to which I would allude. His blasts are felt alike by the aged oak and the tender shoot. He causes the tall tree, with its wide-spreading branches, under which the young saplings are shaded, to decay and die, and the fair blossoms of the earth, to fade and pass away. *That winter, is Death—man's last enemy!* All are destined to feel his icy grasp—to lie down and die. But there is a bright side to the picture. God has decreed that, in the fullness of times, death shall be destroyed. When this work shall have been accomplished, the children of Him whose purpose was fixed in the beginning, will be permitted to roam in the sweet, elysian fields of heaven, where will reign an eternal spring-time! Has it entered into the heart of man to tell what joys will there be known?

There are some, who think of the happiness that will then be given to themselves alone; who think that that season of eternal rest will be enjoyed by a chosen few. Mistaken souls! Are they happy? There are others whose faith is the 'substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen;' who see with the eye of faith through the vail every object of their affection, every heart-stricken son and daughter of wo, made glad, and every evil one reformed! Are

they happy? We know they are. They cannot be otherwise. Does not the hope of the friend of the poor man, when he thinks of the coming spring-time, give him pleasures that exceed the pleasures which the hope of the selfish man gives him? So we believe. Nor will he, when that time comes, be troubled because of the fleetness of time. He will not lament in fruitless tears the happy days that will then hasten by him and pass away, but will ever be looking for the good, the pleasant hours which the future will bring. He will look even unto the end; he will look far beyond this world, where pleasures and pains dwell alternately, to the spirit-land—

‘Where the rivers of pleasure flow o’er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns!’

The seasons of the earth come and go, one after another. Spring, summer and autumn will soon be gone, and the icy bands of winter will again be felt; but in that world to which we all are hastening, the light of the sun will not be needed, nor will any of the things of earth be wanted there. No changing seasons will be there, for there will be but one season, and that an unchanging one of rest! We think of the coming of that time with pleasure, with more pleasure than we do of the coming of spring, because we know that all the children of the Maker of all things, will then know sin, poverty and pain, no more, but will meet ‘with songs, and everlasting joy will be upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing will flee away.’

H. C. L.

Haverhill, Mass.



MADNESS.

Original.

BY MISS N. THORNING.

THERE is a something which appals my soul!
A thought which sometimes sweeps across my heart,
And seems almost to stop the vital tide,—
It is the thought of madness! ’tis the dread
Of that dark, fearful state, that utter woe,
That desolation of the noblest powers,
That breaking of the finest chords of life,
The death of that sweet power of binding love
And deep and strong devotion to the heart!
O it is fearful; earth hath many scenes
Of anguish and of woe, death hath a power
To blight the loveliest, to cloud the sky
E’en of the brightest, and *this* is sorrow.
But what is death,—the breaking of the ties
Of life, the parting from the loved of earth,
And soaring of the spirit unto God;
Oh, what is death to madness! we can die
While the soft words of comfort and of peace
From loved ones’ lips, are breathing in our ears,

Calmly and sweetly we can pass from life,
E’en as a flower-scent borne upon the breeze,—
Or like the sun sink tranquilly to rest,
Hoping to rise upon a brighter sphere:
But to live on without a kindred soul,
To tread the path of life with those who laugh,
Or those who weep, and feel with them no tie,—
To meet the eye of pity or of scorn,
And know the change,—or worse than all, to dwell
Confined within a narrow cell, denied
The very breath of heaven, the free, bright air
To fan the fevered brow, to see no more
The blue, the glorious sky in the first flush
Of morning, when earth to life is waking;
Or in the hour of noon, when the hot sun
Is pouring down a flood of living light;
Or when he goes calmly unto his rest,
And the rich clouds wait on his parting hour;
Nor in the deep and silent hour of night,
When o’er the blue concave the thousand stars
Are shining forth, so soothingly and soft,
And everything around us is so bright,
It seems as if this were enough to call
Back to its throne the principle which makes
Life pleasant. But all this to be denied,
To live, and to live thus! is not this worse
Than death?

O, life hath many mysteries,
And this is one! What are the maniac’s thoughts?
Oh, are they with the past, and do they feed
On memories alone, on bitter wrongs?
Or on o’erwhelming sorrows, which have gone
And left the mind a waste? What is their world,
And what their joys? Alas! we cannot tell,—
A veil is round them which we cannot pierce.
Gaze on the eye, the tablet of the soul,
At times its light is soft, and then again
’Tis wild and furious like the lightning’s flash;
Then the delirious laugh, where dwells no joy,
The laugh of frenzy,—then the burst of woe
That’s blent with madness. O, it is saddening,
It is mysterious, and ’tis fearful!
He, he alone who formed man from the dust,
Who gave the light of reason to the mind,
Who placed the founts of love and sympathy
Within our hearts, that we should weep at grief,—
He, he alone can solve the mystery!
’Tis his unerring wisdom which directs
The things of earth, and ’tis in love he rules;
Therefore it is we trust in Him, and feel
That not in vain earth’s darkest pictures rise
Before our view, that not in vain the clouds
Hang threatening o’er us; but we look beyond—
A cloudless sky is there, and still we trust
E’en in our Father’s goodness and his love.
Charlestown, Mass.



EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

Original.

THE New England Institution for the Education of the Blind, is one of the noblest of the offspring of christian philanthropy. Once in our midst the melancholy idea was prevalent, that the blind were shut out from all the avenues of knowledge and improvement, and that but little could be done to render them useful and ameliorate their sad condition. But christian sympathy became

awakened to their weal, and generosity soon furnished the means to forward the designs of the philanthropic and wise. Several noble benefactions placed the New England Institution on a permanent basis, and it has been, and perhaps is, one of the best conducted establishments of the character. It has been highly favored in having at its head an enthusiastic spirit, whose delight seems to be centred in perfecting the system of education for the blind, and who is every way fitted for the station he occupies. Dr. S. G. Howe is the gentleman we allude to; full of life and energy in the cause he has at heart, he has done, and is doing, much for this class of our fellow beings. The annual reports of this institution have been of a very interesting character, furnishing increased encouragement to the benevolent to foster with liberal kindness this child of philanthropy. The seventh report was issued the present year, from which we learn that the number of pupils the last year has averaged rising sixty, and that no death, or case of severe sickness, has occurred during that time. The division of time among them, is four hours devoted to intellectual pursuits, four to music, four to mechanical labor, four to recreation and play, and eight to sleep. The pupils are regarded as beings of mind as others, with more perfect senses; and pursuing a mild, prudent, and cheerful course, the teachers succeed in imparting to them much knowledge. It would surprise many to note the progress some of these pupils have made in various studies, and how rapidly they will read the books prepared for their use. *Printing for the blind* has now become no novelty, but perhaps only a small portion of the community are aware of the improvements made, and the extent of publications issued. Already twenty-five volumes have been published by the institution in Boston; among these are the New Testament, the Psalms, Outlines of History, Geography, Grammar, Spelling-book, the Dairy-man's daughter, &c., &c. But the most interesting to see used are the books of diagrams, and the maps; those who have studied them with their fingers, can, at the request of any one, find any river, island, &c., selecting from the mass the map for themselves. It is, indeed, singular and astonishing, to see one of these blind pupils approach a large pile of maps, and culling them over bring out the one needed, and with the precision of sight point to the locality desired. These books and maps are

in raised characters—i. e. the letters and outlines are raised above the surface of the sheet—so that by the sense of touch they read. For a long time impressions were made but on one side of a leaf; but now the size of the volumes are reduced one half by impressions being made on both sides. To the director of the New England Institution the credit is due for many of the most valuable improvements in this department. His pupils can read the various kinds of type used in the several institutions in England, Scotland, and Philadelphia. In 1833 the whole library of the blind consisted of three books; and at that period, such was the system of printing that 'a volume like the New Testament, would have formed 12 ponderous folios!' Now they have quite a large library; the size of the type is greatly reduced; and impressions are so made that the volume is more compact than many would think possible. 'One of the first objects,' says Dr. Howe, 'was to print the New Testament, which had never been done in any language. This was soon effected; then followed the book of Psalms, and successively 21 editions of books. During this time constant improvement was made in the mechanical execution of the printing—so that the impression became sharper, the elevation of the letters much firmer, and the whole appearance and value of the books much enhanced. For most of these improvements, and for many valuable hints, I am indebted to that ingenious mechanic, Mr. S. P. Ruggles, whose zealous co-operation in this work I take much pleasure in acknowledging.' This institution has gone far beyond any other in this department of means; when audiences were uttering the shouts of surprise and astonishment in England and Scotland at seeing blind children read books in raised letters, it had ceased altogether, says Dr. Howe, to be a matter of surprise in this country, so common had it become. Maps and Atlases originated, and were brought to their present state of excellence, in this institution. We hope the benevolent will furnish ample means to carry on this great and good work, so that many other useful volumes may be placed at the fingers' ends of the blind.

To show what human perseverance and skill can do, and as a most interesting recital, we close our article with a sketch of one of the pupils of this institution. Laura Bridgman was born in Hanover, N. H., of intelligent and respectable parents. When quite an infant she was subject

to very painful and dangerous 'fits,' and till she was twenty months old she was a weak and fragile, though interesting child. At that age her health seemed firmly established, and when two years of age she was more intelligent and sprightly than common children. But a month after she was again taken ill; her sickness was severe, but was baffled within, and fastened itself on the external organs of sense, and after five weeks it was perceived that her sight and hearing were destroyed.

'During seven weeks of pain and fever she tasted not a morsel of food; for five months was she obliged to be kept in a darkened room; it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. She was now four years old, and as her health and strength began to be established, she learned to go about the house, and manifested a desire to be employed—not by her looks, for she was blind; not by words, for she was dumb. She could, it is true, for a time pronounce the few words she had before learned; but not hearing the *sound of her own voice*, she soon lost the sound of her articulation—the sound answered not to the thought—the will lost command of the tongue—and the last articulate word she was ever heard to utter was "book!" But she was not only deaf, and dumb, and blind; her isolation was still more complete; the sense of smell was so blunted as to be entirely useless, and only affected by pungent odors; of course, half the pleasure of taste was gone, and she manifested indifference about the flavor of food.'

We quote now from the report of the present year:—

'It has been ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell if she has any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odors, she has no conception; nevertheless she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group. When left alone, she seems very happy if she has her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours; if she has no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion

she reasons, reflects, and argues; if she spells a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does in sign of disapprobation; if right, then she pats herself on the head and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish a moment and then laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left as if to correct it. During the year she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motion of her fingers. But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another grasping their hand in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly show the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose, than a meeting between them. For if great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movement of the body and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound! When Laura is walking through a passage-way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes with a sign of recognition; but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if one of her favorites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition—an intertwining of arms, a grasping of hands, and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers, whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers, exchanges of joy or sorrow, there are kissings and partings; just as between little children with all their senses. One such interview is a better refutation of the doctrine, that mind is the result of sensation, than folios of learned argument. If those philosophers who consider man as only the most perfect animal, and attributes his superiority to his senses, be correct, then a dog or a monkey should have mental power quadruple that of poor Laura Bridgman, who has but one sense. We would not be understood to say that this child has the amount of knowledge that others of her age have; very far from it; she is nine years of age, and yet her knowledge is not greater than a common child of three years of age. There has been no difficulty in communicating knowledge of facts—positive qualities of bodies, number, &c.; but the words expressive of them, which other children learn by hearing, as they learn to talk, must all be communicated to Laura by a circuit-

tous and tedious method. In all the knowledge which is acquired by the perceptive faculties, she is of course backward ; because, previous to her coming here, her perceptive faculties were probably less exercised in one week than those of common children in one hour. What may be termed her moral nature, however, her sentiments and affections, her sense of propriety, of right, of property, &c., is equally well developed as those of other children.'

This is, indeed, a strange page in the annals of education. With but *one sense* she has as active a mind as any one, and is cheerful, affectionate, and sprightly as the most gifted. What a lesson is here for all—to bend their will to what cannot be altered, and seek to profit by what is granted them. And how eloquently are we taught perseverance in every laudable undertaking by what has been accomplished for the blind ; and what a reverence is thus awakened for christian philanthropy—the genius of human improvement. Let not the eloquent moral be lost upon us.

ED.

Haverhill, Mass.



PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

Original.

It has been said that 'a man is but *half* a man, as long as his soul is lodged in a diseased body. Of all his plans, few are accomplished ; of his philanthropic wishes, hardly any are realized ; and when he comes to his last sickness, he looks mournfully back upon a life worn out in battling the ills of flesh.' This being the case, how is it possible that we can be too attentive to the means of preserving health ? It seems to me that the only error liable to be committed upon the subject, is in our selection and use of the *proper* means to secure the desired end. It will be disputed by no one I think, that God has so constituted the human frame that every violation of the rules of sobriety, or of the physical laws he has imposed upon man, proves injurious to his natural constitution. And not only to himself is the injury confined, but, in aggravated cases, it is often entailed upon his posterity, even unto the third and fourth generation. How, then, shall we avoid the evil ? Certainly by conforming to those laws the Creator has so wisely instituted. Inattention to these rules for our happiness, is the cause of most, if not all, the diseases with which we are afflicted. I know there are many, who, having strong constitutions, are apt to think they can do any thing without incurring any dan-

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ger of becoming ill. They are regardless of exposures either to wet, heat or cold ; and in diet their motto seems to be, 'let us eat, drink, and be merry.' And if from excess of living, is now and then felt a twinge in the stomach, a comfortable quietus is produced, perhaps, by some alcoholic antidote. But notwithstanding the display of bravado they exhibit in their jolly career, still we always tremble for them. We have seen many such prostrated in a moment, and numbered with the dead. And we cannot help thinking there is something suicidal in such cases. For although this world is not our home, or place of rest, yet life is sweet, and length of days a blessing promised to the righteous. I know it may be said that those who are always guarding against disease seldom enjoy sound health. Very true, and for this reason, only ; that they are of that class, with few exceptions, who commenced not this care over themselves in proper season. They began to cry out, what shall I do ? after they had spent years in undermining their health, forgetting all that time the old adage, 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure ;' a *little* sin, often repeated, laid the foundation of an incurable evil. And now the constant dosing with inefficient drugs, will only serve to teach the transgressor the impossibility of restoring his shattered health. People are apt to disregard *little* ailments, *little* sins, as if they were ignorant of the fact that these *little* things are *great* things after all, in their results. St. James speaks of a *little* member that sometimes defileth the *whole body* ! 'Behold,' says he, 'how *great* a matter a *little* fire kindleth.' I am constrained to believe there are in reality no *little* things, either in our moral or physical education. A *small* leak will sink a *large* ship, and a *slight* cold will engender a *deadly* fever. If, then, kind reader, thou wouldst enjoy sound health, and prolong thy days upon the earth which the Lord thy God giveth thee, attend diligently to the instructions of wisdom, 'for length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.'

S. B. E.

Waltham, Mass.



ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

TO MRS. J. F.

Original.

My friend beloved, I hardly dare intrude
Upon thy grief,—thy soul's deep solitude ;
I know the sickness of thy aching heart,
To see thy child, so suddenly depart,—

I know the sadness of thy tender mind,—
 Oh may'st thou be to God's high will resigned !
 May friendship lift to heaven her streaming eye,
 Who feels for thee, the deepest sympathy !
 Perhaps her aid some comfort can impart,
 Who feels the anguish of thy bleeding heart.
 Oh, may not murmuring thoughts thy bosom fill,
 But meekly bow to God's most holy will ;
 May hope, sweet soother, point to heavenly rest,
 Where thy dear child is happy and is blest ;
 And may religion's consolations be,
 Not few nor small, but all in all to thee.

Oh, what is life !—how fleeting, and how vain,
 Like the swift shadow gliding o'er the plain ;
 Or as a vapor, for a moment seen,—
 Then disappears as though it ne'er had been ;
 'Tis frail and transient, as the opening flower,
 Which brightly blooms and withers in an hour ;
 One moment gay, and shedding fragrance round,
 The next, 'tis faded, drooping on the ground.
 Thus thy sweet boy, to our admiring view
 He seemed a flower, all fresh with morning dew ;
 We saw him active, beautiful and bright,
 But soon on this loved flower, there fell a blight.
 And he did fade, in all his lovely bloom,
 Did early fade, and sink into the tomb.
 And Oh ! you looked upon his dying eyes,
 You saw him blest, you saw him mount the skies.
 And now transplanted to a fairer clime,
 He blooms forever 'neath the smiles divine
 Of Him, who now, with kind and constant love,
 Will shield this plant in his own house above.
 Oh happy child ! thus early called away
 From sin and care, to everlasting day.

O'er thy lone thoughts fond memory oft will steal,
 Of thy loved child, and sorrow long will feel ;
 Oh !—'tis a wound which only God can heal.
 And thou, dear friend, with heart-felt grief dost mourn,
 For this sweet branch, so unexpected torn,
 'Reft of its beauty, and consigned to dust.
 In faith believe, that all God's ways are just.
 That in his Savior's arms he sunk to sleep ;—
 Come, dry thy tears, come thou, no longer weep !
 And when thy chastened spirit wings its flight
 Up to that world of bliss, and joy, and light,
 Thy angel child shall greet thee on that shore
 Of perfect love—and thou shalt part no more.

L. T. W.

Boston, Mass.



GROUNDLESS FEAR.

Original.

BY REV. H. BALLOU.

"There were they in great fear where no fear was."

PSALM liii. 5.

It is probable that human beings have and still do suffer more, in reality, in consequence of groundless fear, than from any other cause, if not more than from all other causes put together. That it was wise and kind in the Creator so to constitute man, that he should be susceptible of fear, is quite apparent. Without this susceptibility he would meet with injuries which he avoids

by being induced by fear. Perhaps there is no sensation, which is constitutional in man, that has not a proper and even an important use. All animals are susceptible of this passion, and all, no doubt, are benefited, by being exercised with it. But it is with them as it is with the human family, they are subject to suffer, and to suffer greatly from fear, when, in reality, they are in no danger. And this calamity often happens to mankind.

In this article the reader is presented with two instances which are recorded in the scriptures, in which groundless fear has caused great concern and distressing apprehensions. Jacob, the son of Isaac, and grandson of Abraham, unkindly obtained his brother Esau's birthright for a mess of pottage. After which, by the advice of his mother, he wickedly deceived his venerable father, and obtained from him the blessing which belonged to Esau, the first born. After this, it was thought best for Jacob to leave home and seek his fortune among his mother's kindred, that he might be out of the way of any evil design which Esau might be disposed to execute on his brother, who had twice supplanted him. Notwithstanding Jacob had conducted thus wickedly towards his brother, who had never given him any provocation, a merciful providence seemed to watch over him for good ; and he was greatly prospered in his family concerns ; having two wives, who were sisters, a number of fine sons, and one beautiful and charming daughter ; many servants, and immense flocks and herds. With his whole family, his flocks and herds, he journeyed from Haran to go into the land of Canaan ; and in this journey he was under the necessity of coming in contact with his brother Esau. When Jacob left his father and mother to go to Haran, he had only himself to concern for ; but he is now differently situated. He has not only himself, but his beloved wives and children. And now must he, with all that was dear to him, meet that brother, from whom he fled but a little more than twenty years before for fear of his resentment, and who is now coming to meet him with four hundred men. Such was Jacob's dread, such his fearful apprehensions that he thus supplicates the favor of heaven : ' Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau ; for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children.' He not only besought protection of God from the expected vengeance of his brother, but separated

from his flocks and herds an immense number, as a present, with which he hoped to turn away his wrath. This present was delivered into the hands of his servants, and sent on before him. 'For he said, I will appease him with the present that goeth before me, and afterward I will see his face; peradventure he will accept of me.' But notwithstanding he had, in a most solemn manner, and with great humility, offered up his petitions to heaven for protection; and though he had sent on before him a princely present, he was so far from being unconcerned, that he disposed of his family in such a manner, that those for whom he entertained the greatest regard, and the warmest affection and tenderest love, should be the least exposed to danger. His handmaids and their children were in the front; Leah and her children in the second rank; while he cautiously placed his beloved Rachel with Joseph in the rear of all.

Look now at this patriarch! With what indescribable anxiety has he made all these arrangements! Yonder goes a present for Esau of nearly six hundred head, flocks and herds. Then are placed the handmaids and their children; next Leah and her children; and last Rachel and her darling Joseph. Having thus disposed of all that was dear to him, he said, 'If Esau come to the one company and smite it, then the other company, which is left, shall escape.' Having made all these cautious arrangements, Jacob advanced before his family to meet his brother, lowly bowing himself before him seven times. But who can describe the sensations which struggled in the breasts of these two brothers, when the injured Esau, in room of ordering his strong phalanx to charge on his brother and his company, ran as light as the mountain hart, fell on his brother's neck and kissed him? Here we see an instance, in which great fear disturbed and even tormented the heart of him, who was exercised by it, when no cause of fear existed. Fraternal affections had overcome all resentment in the breast of Esau, and he was as ready to forgive his brother as his brother was to accept that forgiveness.

The well known case of Joseph and his brethren, presents another instance of great fear where no fear was. In view of the wickedness which they had practised against their young, tender, affectionate and innocent brother, these brethren, standing in the presence of the lord of all Egypt; condemned in their own consciences, were filled

with awful apprehensions. Such was their fear that no description can reach it; and if we duly consider all the circumstances of the case, as these circumstances lay before their minds, even imagination labors in vain to reach its extent. And yet, all the time of their guilty apprehensions, the tide of brotherly love, pity and compassion, was raging and swelling in the heart of the injured Joseph, and even flowing, as it were, in tears from his eyes! Then were they in great fear where no fear was.

If the paternal affection and forgiving love manifested by Esau and Joseph furnish a character, which is truly lovely in the eye of a disciple of Jesus Christ, will this disciple be loth to allow that his Divine Master possesses as much love and compassion, and can exercise as much forgiveness as did Esau and Joseph? If not, then may he allow, that all such as have been tormented with the fear of being doomed to never ending wrath, have been in great fear where no fear is. And from these considerations he may very justly call in question the propriety and utility of all those labors which have been directed to awaken such fear in the breasts of even such as are naturally timid, and most susceptible of such horrible apprehensions. Who among us would be willing to render one of our fellow creatures as unhappy, for one year, as was Jacob, when advancing to meet his brother, or as were his eleven sons when in the presence of the lord of Egypt? But what a host of pious divines are all the time traveling and laboring to plant a far more distressing fear in the hearts of women and children! But let us say, in sincerity and in confidence, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

Boston, Mass.



'EVIL TO HIM WHO EVIL THINKS.'

Original.

THE words at the head of this article are full of meaning. The sentiment is worthy of serious examination. There appears to be an opinion common to some minds that every individual has the same power to reason upon moral and religious topics—or rather that the difference consists only in different degrees of intellectual power, both natural and acquired. But if this were the case, men would approximate much nearer to each other in their opinions than they now do.

We say, emphatically, that this is not the case—that men of the same intellectual power may differ widely. Every sect can boast of great names. Unbelievers as well as christians, can bring forward a host of sages to give respectability to their theories. The young and the inexperienced are accustomed to wonder at this. They ask why, if christianity be true, there is such a phalanx of learned and talented men arrayed in opposition to it? They are ready to ask, why is it required of such a simple-minded person as myself to believe in christianity, while so many wise men who have had ample opportunity to investigate the subject, have formed a different opinion? To these the caption of this piece ought to be a sufficient reply; ‘Evil to him who evil thinks.’

To find flaws in the character of any man is easy, when we are so disposed. To find fault with the most finished piece of architecture is not more difficult. A man called upon to admire a fine Gothic edifice, might at once say, Why are these pillars so large? they are not required, and here is, therefore, a great waste of material. Also, in a fruitful season, when the cynic sees peaches and plums strewing the ground, he may exclaim, Why does Providence thus waste his bounties? Why has he not given this surplus of fruit to those who need it? Why did he not suffer some of this fruit to fall on the deserts of Arabia, where it is needed, and would be heartily welcome to the famished and wandering tribes who pursue their toilsome journey over its burning sands? Now suppose that some sceptic inhabiting another planet, were to object to the account given by one who had visited our world on such ground. He would be just as reasonable as those who object to scripture history because it is possible to hammer out some objection to it. Here come in appropriately the words, ‘Evil to him who evil thinks.’

But in judging of the actions and characters of men, we more frequently see an illustration of our text. How differently do people of equal intellect and powers of observation judge of human actions! One person can see nothing but error in the course pursued by his neighbor—he can see nothing but evil motives in all he says and does. Another person is incapable of seeing the malignity of his enemy, and goes through the world supposing every one to be his friend. If men differ so much in regard to what is constantly passing before their eyes, is it matter of wonder

that they differ with respect to events that occurred nearly two thousand years ago?

It is time for men to understand that the judgment is as frequently blinded or depraved by wrong feelings as by ignorance. Who will wonder that such a man as Voltaire should have looked with an evil eye upon the pure and child-like character of Jesus Christ, and who can be surprized that he should have formed an unworthy opinion of him? Let a man set himself at work to find fault with every thing, and it will not be difficult for his diseased imagination to discover faults where none exist. Voltaire's fame rested, in a great measure, upon his genius for ridicule, biting sarcasm, and irony. It was necessary, therefore, for him to find a great subject upon which to exercise his great wit; and being accustomed to look with an eye of scepticism on every thing, he thrust his sharp sting into the Rose of Sharon, caring little if it withered beneath the stroke so that he acquired lasting renown for himself. Let it be remembered that this cynical temper was not shown only upon occasion of attacking revealed religion; but that he also opened a breach between himself and the more amiable Rousseau, by a captious and ill-natured criticism of the works of the latter philosopher.

Perhaps the reader will think the arguments of Voltaire unanswerable. But let him be assured that Voltaire himself could have refuted them, had his powerful intellect been irradiated by love to God and his brethren. Those sophisms which may puzzle a common mind, could have been answered by the same mind which engendered them. Therefore let not the reader despair because he may not readily find his way through their mazes. A child may raise objections to truth which a philosopher may not easily explain away.

A selfish mind, like that of Voltaire, could never comprehend the gospel plan. Had he been a man of weak mind, he might have tacitly yielded his assent to christianity, and tamely followed the popular current; but with the like dispositions, he could never have been rationally and understandingly a believer in Christ.

Our idea of perfection comprises a well balanced nature. The Almighty, being perfect in all things, possesses every good quality. His mercy, love, justice, wisdom, all combine; and by taking away a part of one of these qualities, you would derange his whole character. De-

prive the Creator of a portion of his mercy, and his wisdom, justice, and love, would suffer also ; for the perfections depend upon and mutually support each other. As the Creator is perfect, you could not alter him without rendering his whole nature imperfect. Now if such be the case with the Creator himself, it is no less the case with us. Our judgment, our intellect, our understanding, cannot be right in all points while we are destitute of a suitable portion of all of those good qualities which make up the character of the perfect Deity. Deprive us of love and mercy, and we suffer not only in those particular qualities, but the mind is deranged throughout—the intellect, the judgment, becomes also depraved, and however strong the natural intellect, its speculations are like glittering and magnificent ruins ; and when we give them forth to the world, they form a system of philosophy which 'leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.'

Yet men will close their eyes and run after those teachers who may chance to possess powerful intellects, as if nothing was required to a right understanding of the truth, but wit, eloquence, and deep research. But something else is required. Worldly knowledge is insufficient to make us acquainted with the things of that kingdom which is not of this world—and a man whose heart is right, who humbly seeks the truth and the truth only, who is prepared to surrender up his own will and his own partialities, to the light of evidence—though he be ignorant in a worldly sense—may be wise in regard to those things which appertain to the kingdom of heaven. In view of these things Jesus says, 'I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' In view of these things he chose a few poor and illiterate men, whose hearts were honest and sincere, to be the heralds of his gospel, in preference to the learned lawyers who were hardened against their fellows and the weighty matters of the law.

Now let us not wonder that the wise ones of this world have proved themselves insensible to the claims of the gospel. 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.' If it did, the astronomer, the natural philosopher, and the weatherwise, would be your true believers. But whether wise or ignorant, whether great or contemptible, whether rich or poor, the gospel may be understood and appreciated, if the good qualities of the heart are permitted to expand be-

neath the sweet influences of the Holy Spirit. If, on the other hand, we cherish wrong feelings, and harden our hearts against the promptings of conscience, we shall look rather at the flaws and faults which have been charged upon the pure gospel of Christ. 'Evil to him who evil thinks.'

Boston, Mass.

BETHA.



THE 'VOICE TO YOUTH.'

Original.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS ! Have you read the 'Voice to Youth' ? If you have not, let me earnestly recommend it as a production admirably combining interest with instruction, and one from the perusal of which we cannot fail of being benefited, if our hearts are open to the kind counsel of those who are wiser and better than ourselves, and our feet willing to be guided into the paths of virtue and happiness. I have read several books of a similar character ; but none which so interested me—for I could not bear to close it till I had become acquainted with the whole contents—and none of which I could speak in terms of such unqualified approbation.

It is not my intention to make extracts, or point out any particular passages ; for I hope all our youth will read it themselves, and read it *all* ; but I was extremely pleased with the chapter addressed to young men on 'Mental Cultivation' ; that also on the necessity of 'Reflection'—a necessity so little regarded by the young—and on 'Reading,' where the author speaks of the advantage of acquiring a habit or taste in early life, a taste which cannot be too highly prized.

We may acquire this habit, but I think the true love for reading is seldom felt, unless some indications appear in childhood—that love which can find in a book an antidote for weariness, or grief, or pain—which can cause us to forget the tumult of the world around us, or the strife within our own bosoms, while we are carried back to other times and sympathize with those who in ages gone appeared upon the stage of life, smiled, wept, and passed away. Those, therefore, who have the minds of children entrusted to their care, to mould them as they will, may become instrumental in providing them with this solace for the many hours which would otherwise wear so heavily in after years. A teacher in one of our district schools has collected a small but well chosen library entirely from contributions of mo-

ney and books by the pupils. Will not some of them who may become men and women of talents, trace the beginning of their love for literature to this little library? And might not all public schools be thus provided? Some are, I know, but many are not. I have often been pleased to see a young and pretty cousin of mine come in and say with a most winning smile, 'Mary Ann may I read a story?' and down she sits, book in hand, with bonnet and shawl on, silent, and for the time being all unconscious of any thing which is passing around. This passion for story-reading sometimes leads young girls to neglect their household duties, and thus become troublesome to their mothers; but they will soon learn that the pleasure would be doubled were the duty first performed. I have myself, in times past, been laughed at, and scolded at, for sweeping, or pretending to sweep, with a book in one hand, and a broom in the other.

The question is not now as it once was; where and how shall we get books to read? but which of the many within our reach, shall we choose? The 'Voice to Youth' has made a very good selection. Among the authors recommended I was glad to see my favorite Miss Edgeworth—dear, delightful Miss Edgeworth—every young lady should be allowed to feast upon her volumes.

And now let me add. Parents! do you wish to give to your children rules for the regulation of their conduct, you will find just such as your own hearts would dictate in the 'Voice to Youth.' Brothers! would you have your sisters amiable, intelligent, and virtuous, let their good resolutions be strengthened by the advice therein contained. Sisters! do you wish your brothers to be kind, affectionate, and gentle, gifted with manly virtues, earnestly recommend to their notice the 'Voice to Youth.' And again I say—young men! and maidens! listen to this most sweet 'voice,' and you cannot fail of being benefited by its counsels.

M. A. D.

Hartford, Ct.



CONFIDENCE.

Original.

THE man who sets out in the world with full confidence in himself, is like the branch which should say to the trunk of the tree, 'I have no need of thee.'

Nothing is more common than for the young who have enjoyed the advantages of a moral ed-

ucation, and who have acquired a strong distaste for gross pleasures, and a deep abhorrence of great crimes, to go forth among men confident in their own power to resist temptation—vain of their unblemished reputations—and unappalled by the many deceitful snares which are spread for their feet. They smile at the simplicity of those careful friends who extend advice and warning, as if *they* needed any such cautions—they who were never known to do anything that they need feel ashamed of—they who abhor drunkenness, lewdness, and profanity—they who have been steady attendants at church—they who belong to families of acknowledged piety, and who never saw the inside of a tavern or gambling house. Indeed it seems never to enter their minds that there can be any falling off on their part. One would suppose they imagined themselves to be made of finer clay than the majority of mortals, so confident do they feel that they can shake off every temptation, as the aquatic fowl sheds the falling rain. They may have heard of many cases where young persons as firmly rooted in virtuous principles as themselves have gradually succumbed to evil influences until they have become wholly cast away. I do not suppose that such individuals would yield to the first open assault; but that they are liable to fall away as others have done, may be argued from the fact that they do not think it worth their while to guard against the same dangers with which their predecessors have been successfully assailed. While they feel an abhorrence of debasing and notorious crimes, they do not doubt that they are perfectly secure. And they are secure from such vices while they thus detest and dread them. But there are many intermediate steps, and when they have but taken one step in the wrong direction, they have commenced laying the foundation of their future wo.

No one is proof against temptation because he feels a distaste for vice; for, if vice was already palatable, there would be no need of temptation. It is the innocent who are betrayed: the guilty are already drawn aside. The command to watch and pray continually, was intended for those who had something to lose, and no son of Adam is so perfect or so steadfast that he need neglect this duty. 'It is by grace we are saved, and that not of ourselves—it is the gift of God.' As the branch draws its nutriment from the parent trunk, so must we if we would be lively branches, receive daily support from the vine. Oftener than the

NOTICES.

coming morn it is necessary for us to retire to the inner citadel, to commune with our own hearts and be still. We must cast away all confidence in ourselves, knowing that we have a Teacher from whom all wisdom must come. Paul said he could do all things, the Lord helping; but Paul alone could do nothing. If we are commanded to cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils, much more must we cease from self—the flattering and deceitful destroyer of all who trust therein. The body cannot exist without the continual inspiration of air; and the spirit will not retain its life and vigor without receiving continued accessions of power from on high. How necessary, then, that we should cease from our vain notions—those birds of the air which pick up the good seed as fast as it is sown—that we cast our own crowns at the feet of Him who sitteth on the throne, and seek wisdom of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not.

How inconsistent is a self-confident spirit with such a disposition! Yet the latter is generally acknowledged to be the proper course, while nothing is more common in practice than the former.

Imagining himself to be invulnerable, the moral youth hesitates not to place himself in the way of temptation. He becomes placed in such a situation that he cannot avoid deviating a little from the path of propriety without detriment to his worldly interests. He may offend an influential friend, he may appear singular if he peremptorily refuses to participate with others in practices to which he has been unaccustomed. He judges it perfectly safe for *him* to diverge a little from the straight path—he can easily retrace his steps. Instead of flying at once to the Rock of Refuge, and making every other consideration yield to principle, he tries to stifle the monitor in his own breast. He has already taken a long stride in the downward road; and it has now become more difficult than ever for him to retain his uprightness in the midst of an evil world.

Avoid the first step; avoid self-confidence; and remember that there is but one right way; and above all, that virtue is the chief good, for which everything else should be sacrificed.



If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it.

‘**HISTORICAL LETTERS** on the First Charter of Massachusetts Government, by Abel Cushing. Boston. J. N. Bang, printer, 30 Cornhill, 1839.’ 18mo. pp. 204. This is a singular production, and full of interest to those who would acquaint themselves with the effects of those systems of government which would shackle thought, and dictate what a man shall or shall not believe. The author’s design seems to be to show the absurdity and evil consequences of a union between church and state, or of placing arbitrary and monopolizing power in the hands of any body of men; and never was there a better answer given to the wild assertion ‘The church will sink if the state does not uphold her,’ than is contained in this volume. An account of the persecutions against Mrs. Hutchinson, Roger Williams, and the Quakers, is herein given, with a detailed history of the ‘Salem Witchcraft.’ Facts concerning these tragedies the author has furnished from the proper records which should be known, and the lesson of the whole learned—that the true object of civil government, is to preserve to all the citizens a free and equal enjoyment of civil rights, which is frustrated when the state interferes with religious matters. The work is on sale at Abel Tompkins’, 32 Cornhill, and at the office of the ‘Republic,’ No. 3 Water street.


✍ **SABBATH SCHOOL WORKS** IN PRESS. A. Tompkins has in press, for the use of Sabbath schools, three works, by W. S. Balch, J. G. Adams, and O. A. Skinner. The first is a ‘Service Book’ for the opening of school, containing portions of scripture to be read by the superintendent with the teachers and scholars, after the style of responses in the Episcopal church, together with appropriate prayers and hymns. We doubt not the usefulness of such a work, and believe that wherever introduced properly it will add interest and profit to the exercises of the school. The second is ‘Lives of the Apostles,’ in the style of questions and answers, the answers being given in, as far as practicable, scripture language. We should opine that this would afford a very interesting study for children in our schools; and if teachers would but familiarize themselves with geographical relations of the several histories, and blend oral instructions in reference thereto with the study of the subject matter of the book, the pupils will be greatly benefited, and they would read the christian scriptures, especially the historical portion, with a new zest. Both of these works are written in a highly creditable manner, and their authors are deserving of the thanks of the denomination for adding to the list of needed works for the use of Sabbath schools, and releasing us from dependance on other denominations. The other work, by O. A. Skinner, is intended for the younger scholars, but what its character is, not having seen it, we cannot tell. Doubtless it will be one worthy of commendation.


In this connection, as the spring schools are now opening, it may be well to remark, that the publisher of the above works has a large assortment of juvenile and class books suitable for Sabbath schools, and has purchased all the class books published by Messrs. Marsh, Capen and Lyon,—Smith’s ‘Scripture Doctrine,’ Balch’s ‘Life of Christ,’ Reese’s ‘Catechuman’s Guide,’ and Ballou’s ‘Scripture Catechism.’ Those ministers and superintendent’s of schools who are in want of class, library, or gift books, will do well to send their orders as above. It will be remembered that at the same place the highly approved ‘class papers’ may be had, by the aid of which ac-


counts of each class can be kept by the teachers with but little trouble.

NEW PAPER. We have received the first number of the 'Universalist Paladium and Ladies Amulet,' published at Portland, by S. H. Colesworthy, and edited by Br. C. C. Burr, and G. W. Quinby. It makes a good appearance, and will doubtless be an interesting periodical. It is to be published semi-monthly in Portland, Me., on a demi quarto sheet of 8 pages, with new type, at \$1 50 a year, or if paid on or before the issuing of the sixth number, one dollar only will be charged.

PROSPECTUSES AND BILLS. Our organ of hope is, or ought to be, very largely developed; and we feel a rise in that region as we send forth our prospectuses and bills. We hope our friends will do well by us in respect to the first, and delinquents in respect to the latter. We want more subscribers, and more money due long ago for subscriptions, and being very desirous of celebrating May-day with a merry heart and full purse, we ask delinquents to send on our dues with all speed possible. 'Delays are dangerous,' and therefore we hope all our delinquent subscribers who can, will send immediately the payment of their several bills. The present is the best time.

 We send bills to all owing for the present volume, closing with next number, and have charged \$2 50; but if the debtors will remit immediately \$4, free of charge, we will credit them in full for this and next volume. Some may have previously paid agents from whom no returns have been received, and thus bills sent where they should not be; if any such mistakes occur, those interested will please excuse them, and we shall be happy to correct any errors in any account.

 **LETTERS** have been sent to nearly all subscribers who owe for two years and upwards, and their immediate attention is respectfully requested to them. Let them not leave us to conclude that they are defrauders. Some answer is due us by common courtesy, and that answer should be free of charge.

 **HOPELESS CASES.** If any one could invent, and apply successfully, any *modus operandi* to make the following persons send us the sums due and placed against their names, we should be thankful to the tune of \$193 50. As we have written to them several times, and they have paid no attention to the calls for our honest dues, we must believe that if they claim to be honest or honorable men, they must have very strange ideas of honesty and honor. Who they are we know not; but we do know, that if either of them were our personal friend, we would write very freely our opinion to them of such meanness and dishonesty. He who knew what true honor was, and is, hath said, 'He that is unfaithful in little, will be unfaithful also in much;' and if any who read these names, and trust the persons to any amount, and lose the debt, we are blameless; we have warned them. We speak strongly, but to be wronged out of \$193 50, is very apt to make people speak strongly; and this is but a small part of the loss by like means.

Honorable mention shall be made of the fact, if any of the following persons will remit to us the sum due; or if either of them is in circumstances of poverty or misfortune, and will inform us, we will excuse them to the public. We wish to deal honorably and to be dealt honorably by.


Daniel C. Kelley, Dearbornville, Mich., owes \$ 9 00
Thomas A. Bland, Edenton, N. C., 9 00

Isaac West, East Randolph, Mass.,	9 00
Azor Hoyet, Greenfield, Mass.,	10 00
Philemon Woodruff, Geneva, Ohio,	7 50
Emulous Stackpole, Holden, Mass.,	9 00
G. W. Church, Hancock, Maine,	8 00
Robert Clafstin, Hancock, Maine,	8 00
Oscar Y. Brooks, Monroe, New York,	9 00
L. Vimont, Millersburgh, Kentucky,	9 00
Thomas P. Miller, Montgomery, Alabama,	8 00
James K. Haley, Minot, Maine,	9 00
Oliver Horton, Norton, Massachusetts,	10 00
Israel Bartlett, Nottingham, N. H.	7 50
Robinson Cook, North Raymond, Maine,	9 00
Jeremiah Foster, Sterling, Mass.	7 50
Lorenzo Russell, Unionville, Ohio,	20 00
F. F. French, Watertown, Connecticut,	9 00
W. Wadsworth, Hartford, Connecticut,	9 00
Lewis Patterson, Ashtabula, Ohio,	9 00
J. T. Thompson, Adams, N. Y.,	3 00
John S. Gibson, East Farmington, Mich.,	4 00

PAYING SUBSCRIBERS. To our large number of honorably paying subscribers, we tender grateful acknowledgments, and hope they will find adequate recompense in the interest and instruction of our pages.

'LAYMAN'S LEGACY.' We understand that the volume of sermons by Br. Fitz, of New York, of which we have spoken in a previous notice, will be on sale at the store of Abel Tompkins early this month. It will be a valuable work, and is spoken of in high terms by those acquainted with its contents. The size of the work is large 12mo., over 400 pages, and will be in handsome binding. Attention is solicited to it.

LIBERAL INSTITUTE AT METHUEN, MASS. Probably most of our readers in this vicinity have either heard or read of the new high school at Methuen about to be opened under the general superintendence of Br. E. N. Harris. Mr. Nichols of Lebanon, and Miss Hoyt of Haverhill, are engaged as leading teachers, and spoken of in the highest terms, as well qualified for their stations, by those best circumstanced to judge. We commend the school to the attention of our friends. The village of Methuen is one of the pleasantest in our state; its advantages of communication with the neighboring towns are good, and it is every way a good and healthy place of residence.

 Several notices are crowded out. We handed the MS. on Matt. vii. 12., as requested in first epistle.

List of Letters containing remittances received since our last, ending March 30, 1839.

B. P. B., Middlebury, (J. J., of Middlebury, has not yet settled,) \$3; M. S., Amoskeag, \$2; A. G. P., Shirley Village, \$2; F. D., Higganum, \$2; R. M. B., Sidney, (Br. P. paid the money alluded to. D. G., of Mercer, still owes for volume 7.) \$5; S. M., Sutton, \$2 50; S. B., Plymouth, \$8; S. T. B., Putney, \$2; L. D., Groton, \$2; H. D., Bath, \$2; H. C., Stafford, \$4; E. C., Albany, (By S. R. Only pays up to Dec. 1838,) \$3; J. M. F., Heilsdale, \$2; E. H., Hudson, \$4 50; R. S., Woodstock, \$4; N. C. W., Ann Arbour, \$2; J. G., Cincinnati, \$10; A. R. G., Henderson, \$10; W. W., New York, \$7; M. M., Rumford, \$2. We did not notice the account in the Banner. I have credited you up to June 1839.